

Debra Clauer

WALT DISNEY'S

Mickey Mouse Club Magazine

VOLUME II NO. 3

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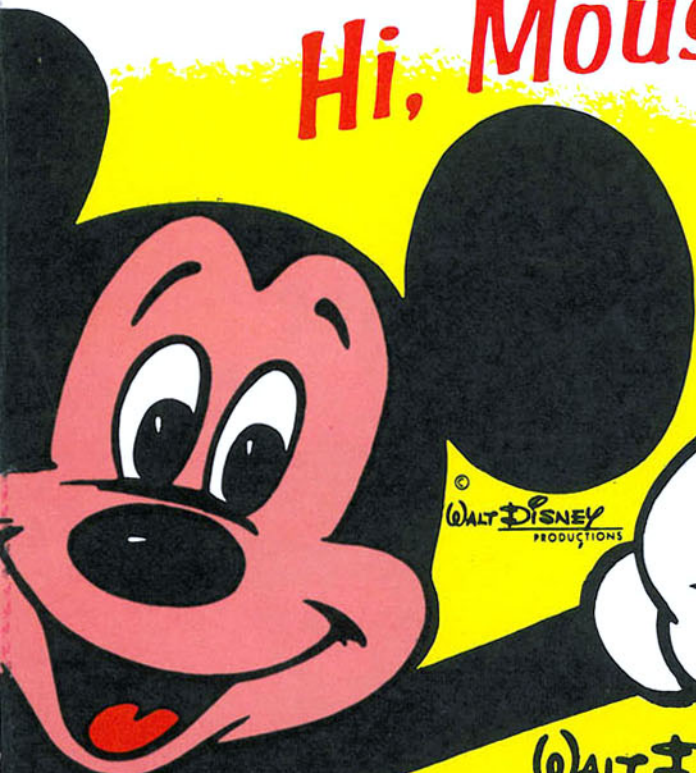


further adventures of SPIN and MARTY see page 18

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MARY CAREY
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assistant art editors

WRITERS
Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran,
Dick Huemer, Janet Lansburgh,
Clint Macaulay, Bill Peet,
Frank A. Reilly.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF
Earl Colgrove, Bing Miller,
Louis White, Arthur Dishman,
Don English, Bert Lynch,
Edward Jones, Bert Anderson,
Chuck Grizzle.

STAFF ASSISTANTS
Esta Haight, Florence Murray,
Mary Ann Taege.

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APRIL, 1957

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David Stollery, Annette Funicello and Tim Considine (Marty, Annette and Spin) appear on this month's cover in a fine color photo by photographer Roger Davidson.

Color photographs which illustrate Nature Had It First on pages 36 and 37 are the work of Stuart V. Jewell, Olin Sewall Pettingill, Jr., Tilden W. Roberts, James R. Simon and Hugh A. Wilmar.

This Easter bunny was too young to walk alone, so he has a fine eggshell baby-carriage, trimmed with gold cord, sequins and fake daisies.



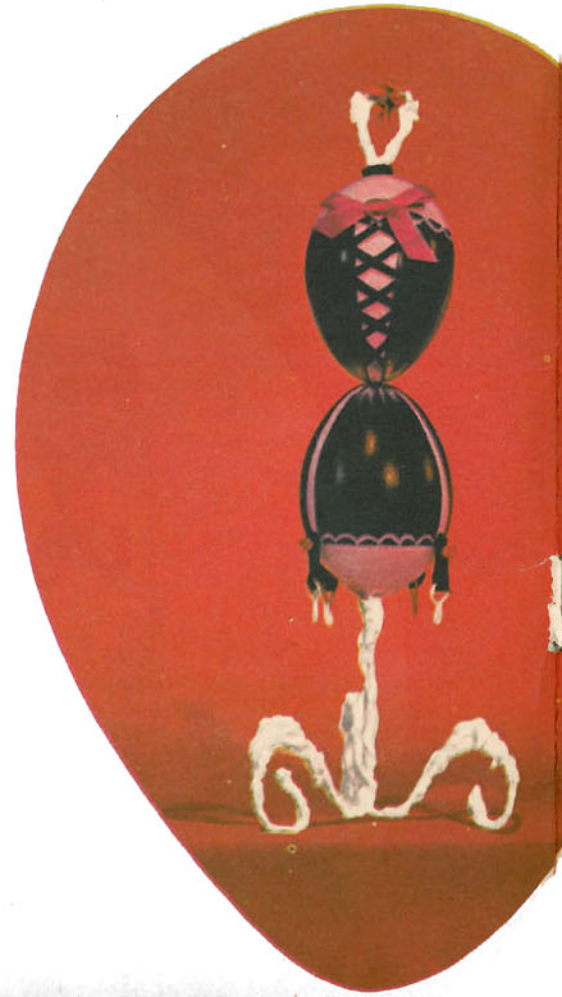
Donald Duck is always a favorite. This Don has pipe-cleaner arms, a paper jacket, and a painted expression which makes him seem a bit nervous.

fun with eggs

An egg is an egg. Except at Eastertime. Then, an egg can be Cinderella's coach, or a dancing bear, a rocket ship ready for a trip to the moon, or a little fat policeman ready for a stroll down an old-fashioned Main Street. And when two eggs get together—watch out! Anything can happen.

The Easter eggs on this page were put together by Disney artists Virginia Axtmann, Sylvia Cobb and Joyce Carlson. They used such commonplace, everyday materials as pipe cleaners, paper napkins, metal washers and scraps, wire, excelsior and wood shavings. Of course, there were sequins and glitter from the ten-cent store, a lot of imagination and, oh yes, some eggs.

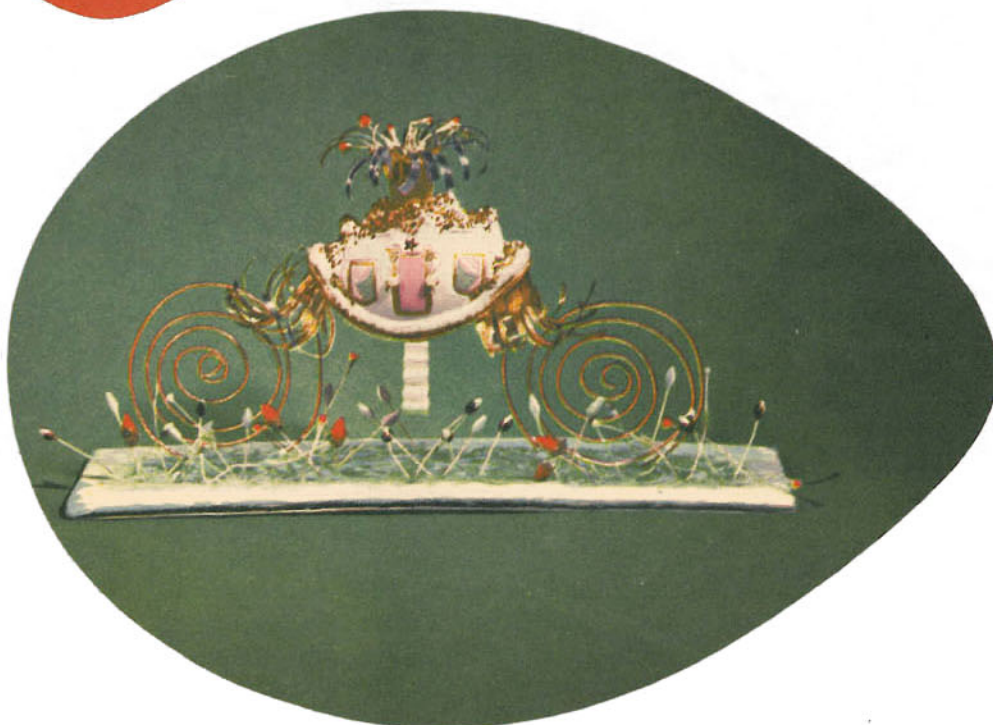
Why not try your hand at making some funny, original Easter eggs? Don't try to copy the ones on this page, but make your own designs—using whatever materials are handy. And remember, the most important ingredient is imagination!



This Easter rabbit has a balloon made with a styrofoam egg. Styrofoam is much stronger than ordinary eggshell, and can be shaped with sandpaper.



A spaceman, standing firmly on plaster-of-Paris legs, stares into the future through eyes made of metal washers.

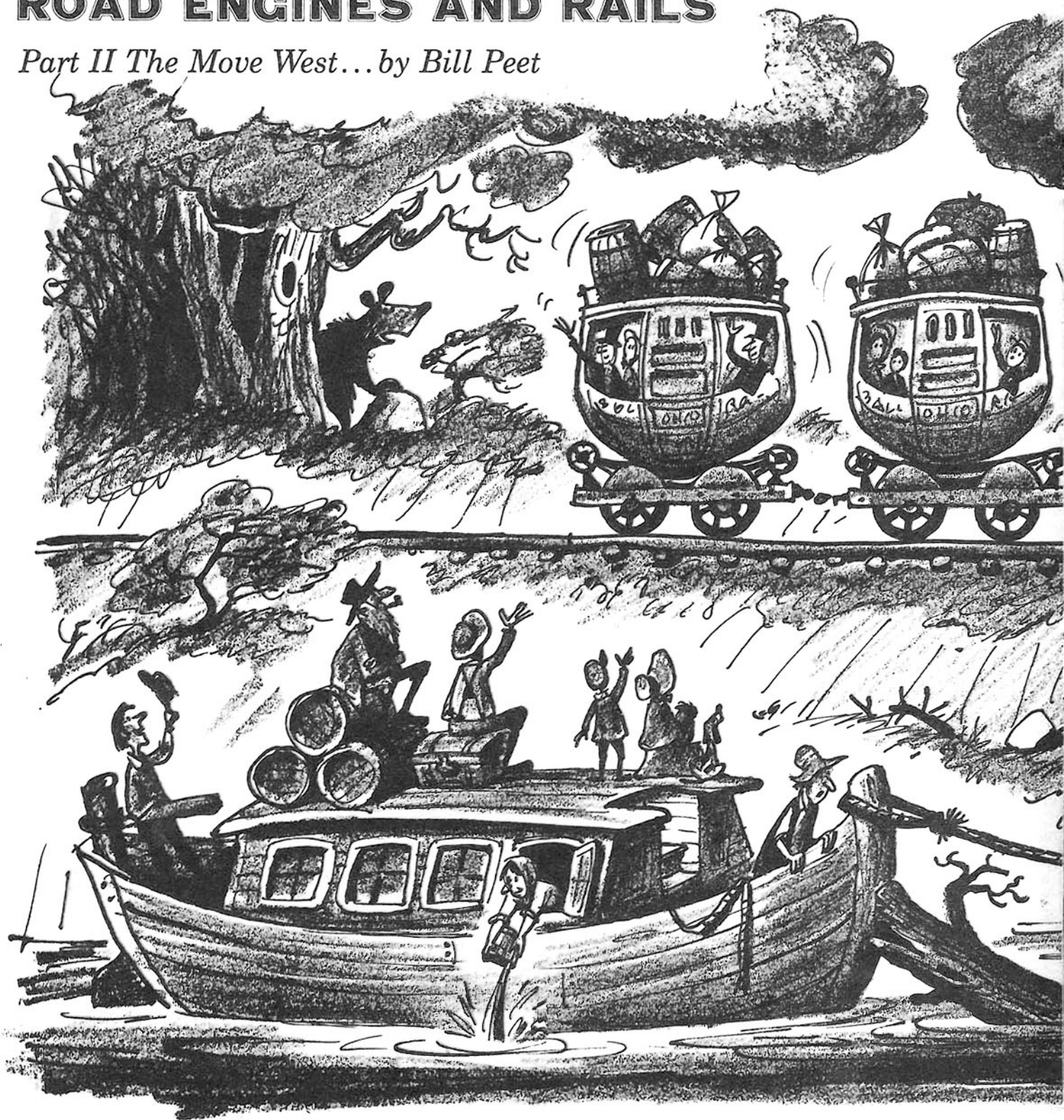


Grandma's dress form is made of two empty eggshells, put together and painted. You can empty eggs by making a tiny hole in each end, then blowing.

Cinderella's magic coach is an egg mounted in a wire frame, then decorated with sequins, glitter and ten-cent store flowers.

ROAD ENGINES AND RAILS

Part II The Move West...by Bill Peet



In the early 1800's, one of America's biggest problems was transportation. Most of the country was wild and uncultivated, and inland settlements were separated from the eastern seaports by weeks and months of weary travel. Canal boats and stagecoaches, the only means of public transportation, were slow and uncomfortable.

Canal boats were towed by horses

at an average speed of three miles an hour. Even this snails pace was sometimes interrupted if a boat hit a sunken log or a sandbar. Stagecoaches were faster—most of them could cover about eight miles an hour—but passengers were jolted and jounced unmercifully by the bad roads, and often were marooned by heavy rains or snows.

The logical answer to America's transportation problem was the steam locomotive. A railroad train could speed along at 25 miles an hour—and in all kinds of weather.

But in spite of the great need for the railroad, there were those who opposed it. Canal boat companies and stagecoach lines fought stubbornly to stop this new competition. Farmers



illustrated by BILL PEET

claimed that the trains would be a menace to livestock. And then, of course, there were those people who are always dead-set against anything new or different.

The railroad won out over this opposition, and soon there was a complete network of rails throughout the east. But to keep on growing, the railroad needed new places to go, more

passengers and freight to haul. So representatives were sent to Europe to encourage the people there to come to America's midlands. Artists were hired to paint scenes glorifying the new territory, and though many had never been west of New York, they turned out paintings showing lush fields, beautiful forests, spectacular waterfalls and other magnificent

and enticing scenes.

This advertising campaign proved highly successful and, with the help of the railroad, the new population of the United States gradually moved westward to the Mississippi. Soon even the scoffers had to admit that the railroad was now well established as the key to the future growth of the United States.

Cow Dog

by Janet Lansburgh

*based on the photoplay
of the same name*

produced by Larry Lansburgh

The Heath ranch in the Santa Ynez Valley of California was a showplace any time of the year, but in the spring it was at its best. Fifteen year old Luann Heath never tired of riding over its low green hills with her father to look at the herds of quarter horse mares and their new colts, and the registered Hereford cattle growing fat on the abundant pasture land.

Anyone watching the tanned rancher and his slim daughter riding around their herds might doubt that they had any problems at all. But as Grant Heath sat on his handsome chestnut stallion, looking thoughtfully at two of the newest calves, he shook his head. The two bore little resemblance to the other calves. They had lop ears, smoother coats, and a swelling hump of muscle between their shoulders. They were not pure Hereford at all. There were of mixed Hereford-Brahma blood.

"Luann," Heath said, "we've just got to get that outlaw Brahma bull somehow. He's going to ruin all the herds if we don't."

"I know," his daughter answered. "And there doesn't seem to be a fence he can't jump or crash through."

Nobody knew where the outlaw bull had come from originally. He had appeared suddenly the year before in the impassable brush country of the back hills and canyons. At first he had been timid and wily, and anyone who saw him did so only from a distance. But now it was a different story. He was so bold that he came down even into the pastures nearest the home ranch, and several times he had savagely fought off defenses put up by the domestic Hereford bulls.

Grant Heath took his binoculars out of their case and scanned the nearest green hills. Not a day went by now that one of the hands didn't report seeing the big gray outlaw.

Suddenly Heath straightened in the saddle.



Fifteen-year-old Luann Heath never tired of riding over the low green hills of her father's ranch to look at the herds of quarter horse mares, the new colts and the purebred Hereford cattle growing fat on the abundant pasture land.

"There he is, Luann. Up on that farthest pasture. Take a look"

Luann put the binoculars to her own keen eyes. Yes, there he was. But though he was a nuisance—yes, even a menace—her blood leaped at the sight of him. He was a magnificent specimen of his kind. He weighed almost a ton, yet he moved with a certain untamed grace. He trotted toward the Hereford bull who stood uneasily in front of the cows. Because the domestic bull was hornless, he was completely defenseless before this hump-backed gray intruder, whose horns were murderous weapons. The big Brahma charged the hornless bull with an almost scornful ease. Then suddenly he stopped and raised his head. He was far away from Luann and her father, yet he must have sensed their presence somehow. They watched him turn and trot away. When he reached the distant pasture gate, he jumped it as though it

were only a foot high, trotted with insolent slowness across a meadow and disappeared over the rise of the hill.

Luann and her father rode back down to the ranch house, talking of what should be done. They could get rid of the interloper with a high-powered rifle, but neither the girl nor Heath liked that idea. The Brahma had a certain magnificence that they admired. But he was in the wrong place. What was the right place for him? None of the ranchers in their valley raised Brahmas.

Suddenly Grant Heath's laugh-lined gray eyes twinkled. He looked at his daughter. She smiled back, her teeth flashing white in her tan face.

"I know just the place for him!" she said. "And I'll bet you're thinking the same thing!"

"The rodeo circuit," said her father. "Right! He'd be a wonderful attraction at any rodeo," said Luann, "and all

he'd have to do would be to be as mean as possible. That would suit any Brahma. Just buck people off, that's all. What a life!"

It was noon when they reached the rambling ranch house. Mrs. Heath was setting a luncheon table in the kitchen patio. She listened attentively while her husband and daughter outlined their plan to capture the Brahma. First, they would have a big feed for all the neighbors, then a roundup the like of which had never been seen in those parts—a wild bull roundup!

That afternoon, Luann and her father took the ranch jeep and started out on a round of the outlying ranches, to invite those who had no access to telephone lines.

Somebody they must be sure to invite, Luann suggested was that new young rancher over toward Lompoc—Jay Sisler. He worked his cattle with the help of three Australian shepherd dogs. The dogs just might be the difference between success and failure on the roundup. After all, dogs could make their way through dense underbrush where riders could never hope to penetrate.

They found Jay on a hillside with his three dogs. From the jeep they watched the dogs round up the cattle. The three of them worked in perfect harmony with one another. Each dog seemed to know exactly where his presence would do the most good. Luann saw that these amazing dogs had the same herding instinct as her prize cutting horse, Nipper D.

When Jay saw the visitors he rode up to the jeep. The Heaths had met the likeable, raw-boned young redhead, but they hadn't had a chance to meet the

dogs before. Jay made the dogs jump up on the hood of the jeep to meet the neighbors.

Two of the dogs, Stub and Shorty, were brothers—shaggy, well-built gray and black fellows. They were polite and well-mannered, but they acted as if they didn't care too much for this sociable interruption. They seemed anxious to get back to their herding. But Luann lost her heart to the third dog, Queen. She was smaller than the others, her coat a wavy, silvery gray. And she was far more friendly. She snuggled up to Luann and gazed at her with the big blue-gray eyes that were a mark of many Australian shepherd dogs.

Jay was delighted with the idea of the roundup. He felt that trying to capture a wild bull like the big Brahma would be an exciting challenge for his three dogs.

The big doings started at noon on a warm spring day, when neighbors and friends crowded, laughing, into the large friendly patio at the Heath ranch house. All generations, from grandparents to little ones, lined up at the long tables where Mrs. Heath and some of the other women presided over big earthenware casseroles of spicy beans and heaping bowls of salad. At the barbecue fire, Mr. Heath grilled thick, juicy steaks.

The aroma of the meat was almost more than three of the guests could bear. Stub, Queen and Shorty, seated at the table beside Jay, gazed longingly toward the barbecue and licked their chops. But the special four-footed guests didn't have long to wait. Luann saw to it that they had their share of meat, too. "After all," she laughed, "they're going to be a very important part of the roundup."

As soon as the meal was over, the talk

at the long tables grew more serious. Everyone wanted to make final plans for the roundup. Mr. Heath turned to Bill Pickens, who had been a rodeo clown before he settled down to ranching.

"Anything more we ought to know about the life and habits of a Brahma bull?" asked Heath. "After all, you used to work with 'em in your acts?"

"All I know," drawled Bill, "is that they don't have no talent for friendship! Right, Ramon?"

"*Si, como no!*" said Jimmie Williams' Mexican foreman with fervor. "Just one theeng, Señor Heath," cautioned Ramon. "We theenk of all bulls being like Mexican fighting bulls—that they weel charge as soon as they see a man. Thees Brahmas—they weel stand, as if they pay no attention to you. Then you get a leetle careless—then—*caramba!* They've got you!"

"That's shore true," said Bill, "and I've got the scars to prove it!"

Very early the next morning the riders started out. Luann rode Nipper D. Stub, Queen and Shorty brought up the rear, obviously anticipating every minute of what lay ahead.

In an hour they were well into the back country where there were countless miles of thick, impenetrable brush. It was here, they knew, that the outlaw bull felt most safe.

In a clearing on top of a hill they all gathered in a circle. Grant Heath assigned each man to a certain section where he would try to flush out the bull, or perhaps would find fresh tracks to indicate where he might be.

As the riders wheeled their horses, Jay called to Stub and Shorty in his low calm voice. "Stub and Shorty, you go with Luann. Queen, come with me." And without hesitating, Stub and Shorty turned and followed Luann and Nipper D.

Luann's section took her over a narrow, almost brush-covered path up to the crest of the next canyon. She and Nipper and the dogs had just broken through the bushes onto the top of the hill when she heard the far-off shouts of some of the riders. The voices came from a wide-spread area of dense chaparral down below. She narrowed her eyes and followed the sounds of the shouting.

She saw right away the cause of the uproar. Flicking in and out of the brush down there was a moving, elusive figure. Now she could see it, then she would lose sight of it. It was the Brahma!

The big bull had spotted the riders and he was on the run. Luann shook her head. If any of them ever got near enough to that fellow to rope him, it would be a miracle.

She turned and pressed Nipper along the brush-crested ridge, the dogs right at her heels. The only thing she could do, she thought, was keep up on top of the canyon crest. Then, if the bull did come out into a clearing anywhere, she

The Heaths set out in the jeep to invite their neighbors to the roundup.





There were songs and jokes and laughter when the group made camp that day.

could keep an eye on his course—maybe. As Ramon had said, and she herself knew, there was nothing more unpredictable than a Brahma.

Just then a crashing in the brush made her jump involuntarily. Nipper pranced skittishly. And out through some trees came Bill.

When he saw the expression on her face he whooped with laughter.

"What'd ya think I was, the bull?"

Luann felt her face flush. But she had to laugh, too.

"For a minute, there, Bill, I sure did!"

"I'm gonna go down this hogsback to the bottom," he said. "Now if you'll stay up here on top, you can let me know if you see him. I just have a hunch he might work around this way. He saw the others down below, but that critter don't know we're up here."

Luann watched Bill disappear over the ridge. She could hear his progress as his big Apaloosa horse picked its sure-footed way down the hill.

Stub and Shorty, bored with the lack of activity, lay down in the shade of a mesquite bush. Luann had just leaned over to talk to them when a shout came from below. She and Nipper came to life like one single being. She couldn't believe what she saw.

Bill, crashing through a tunnel of oak and manzanita at the bottom of the hill, had just come out on a long, narrow clearing. And there, facing him, stood the big gray bull. Bill's hunch had been right!

Luann felt her breath stop as she watched. Bill quickly tied his rope to the saddle horn. He wasn't going to lose this prize!

When the bull saw Bill, he took off down the clearing, the Apaloosa flying after him. Bill's rope sang through the air. It was a beautiful throw—right around the bull's horns. But that big

Brahma weighed almost a ton and he kept right on running. The weight of the bull straining against Bill's fast-tied rope was too much for the saddle cinches. As Luann watched, Bill, saddle and all, spilled down a rocky slope.

Angrily, the bull shook the rope from around his horns. Then he saw the man on the ground. He stopped. It was as if he knew, in his crafty mind, that now he had the advantage. But the bull didn't know Bill.

With a cat-like agility belying his size, big Bill Pickens unstrapped his poncho from the back of the saddle. Holding the poncho as a bullfighter holds his cape, Bill stood still. The angry bull took a few steps toward him.

Then the bull stopped and pawed the ground. It seemed to Luann that he was sizing up the situation. Bill was motionless. Then, with an infuriated bellow, the big Brahma bore down on Bill. Bill, using the poncho to distract the animal, managed to step aside as the bull charged past. But in the clear atmosphere, the sound of the poncho ripping carried up to Luann.

All this happened in seconds, although to Luann it seemed like hours before she gathered herself together and sent Nipper flying down the ridge.

"Get in there, Stub—Shorty—go get 'im!" Barking wildly, the dogs disappeared down through the brush.

By the time she reached Bill, the dogs had rushed in. Mr. Heath and some of the other men came riding up, drawn by the angry bellows of the bull.

They had saved Bill, but the bull was gone.

And now that the danger and excitement was past, Bill began to sputter. Luann had never seen the good-natured big fellow in such a state.

"If I ain't the durndest dumbest two-headed critter in the whole west!" he

raged. "Why in tarnation did I tie that rope hard an' fast to m' saddle horn! I ought to have both my heads examined!" He raved on, throwing his saddle on the big roan.

"Ah, simmer down, Bill," said Jay in his drawling way. "If it hadda worked, then it woulda been a real smart thing to do. Hind sight is real easy to have—fer all of us."

But in spite of the laughter and songs that night, it was a disappointed bunch that made camp. Tomorrow the bull would probably be further in the brush than ever, now that he saw his old sanctuaries disturbed by dogs and men.

The hunt started again at daybreak.

"That Brahma's probably a thousand miles away from here by now," Mr. Heath said to Bill as they saddled their horses.

"No," Bill was serious. "You jest can't tell. He might be out there over the next hill a'spoilin' fer another fight."

All the riders fanned out over the area in much the same positions they had taken the day before. Luann, Stub and Shorty followed a trail down toward the floor of a canyon lined with thick-growing, tangled trees and vines.

It was silent here, except for Nipper and the dogs brushing through the dense bushes. It was impossible to hear any of the other riders. Luann was glad she had the dogs. It was a lonely spot.

When they came to a small open place, she stopped. What to do next? She felt that she was riding aimlessly, without any plan. Was all this doing any good at all?

There was a shift in the slight breeze through the canyon. The hair on the ridge of Shorty's back rose. He froze, and from his throat came a low menacing growl. Luann shivered.

Now Stub growled, too. Luann shaded her eyes with her hand and looked across the narrow sandy wash again. There a gnarled clump of trees formed a natural fortress, the branches drooping almost to the ground.

In this clump of trees, half-hidden by the large entwining limbs, stood the Brahma, watching them.

Without stopping to think twice, Luann gave a sharp command to the dogs.

"In there, Stub! Shorty! After 'im!"

At the sound of her voice, they raced across toward the bull's haven. Then, as if they had been rehearsing their actions for years, one charged at the bull's head, the other at his heels. Like two gray flashes, they worried the huge Brahma, both of them dodging the kicking, plunging gray's deadly horns and heels.

Luann rode Nipper in closer, to be ready for the chase as soon as the dogs drove the bull out into the clear. The bull obviously wanted to stand his ground, but he could not cope with the two lightning-like creatures who would give him no peace. Bellowing with rage, he thundered out of the trees and up the other

side of the canyon in search of another and better place.

Nipper D. needed no signal from his rider to go streaking after the Brahma. This was his quarry, too, and he knew it. To Luann her surroundings no longer existed. She could only feel the sting of the wind in her face and the surging sensation of chase.

So she didn't see the low-hanging branch directly in her path.

The next thing she knew, she was lying on the ground. Her head throbbed, and a cold nose was gently thrusting against her cheek.

She sat up, groggy. She didn't know where she was for a second. A low, worried whimper sounded close to her ear. She turned her head to look into Stub's anxious eyes.

Nipper stood a short distance away, waiting for his rider. Shorty came trotting up to her, her hat in his mouth.

Then she saw the way over which she had come, and the low branch just the height of a rider's head.

Slowly, she got to her feet. She was trembling all over from the shock of the fall, but she felt herself gingerly. She hadn't broken anything, anyway. Now she knew how Bill had felt yesterday, losing the bull. The feeling of shock gave way to a hot tide of anger. She'd find that bull yet!

When Stub saw her getting up, he hurried over, took Nipper's reins in his teeth and led the horse to her. She put a foot in the stirrup and dragged herself up into the saddle. Young and supple as she was, she ached all over from the impact of the fall.

As soon as she was in the saddle, the

dogs raced on ahead. It was then that she realized that, as much as they must have wanted to keep on after the bull, they had stayed with her when she fell. She knew they would have remained with her, if need be, until help came.

The two of them were still alert and excited, and hope came back into Luann's heart. Maybe they still knew where to find the bull.

Luann followed Stub and Shorty's swift progress up into the highest, farthest pasture of the whole ranch. And when she came out on the edge of the pasture, there stood the Brahma!

Now he was really going to hold his ground. Brahma-like, he had been unpredictable. Instead of running to get away and hide, he had chosen to make his stand in the open.

If Luann had not still been completely carried away by the heat of the chase, she might have been scared stiff. She should have been. After all, one small girl on a horse could very well be no match at all for the bull. But that never entered her head.

She was going to make a try at roping him. Stub and Shorty, she knew, would keep worrying at the gray's head and heels so that he would have too much to think about—she hoped—to charge a horse and rider.

Stub and Shorty set up an ear-splitting din with their barking as they thrust and parried around and around the bull. Luann didn't know why, but as she coiled her rope for the throw, she felt a complete sense of calm. It was as if she couldn't miss.

And she didn't. The rope sailed through the air and settled down around

the bull's horns. Nipper D. backed until the line was taut. The Brahma was caught in momentary confusion. He could feel the tightened rope around his horns. But he could not shake these four-footed demons that rushed at him. Both things enraged him, but he couldn't decide which one to battle first.

Then Luann's calmness left as suddenly as it had come. The paralyzing thought flooded into her brain: what was she to do with the bull now that she had him roped? He was too much to handle, if anything should go wrong.

But just then she heard the most welcome sound that had ever reached her ears. It was the shouting of men and the drumming of hooves. And up over the hill came her father and Jimmie and Ramon.

Three lariats whistled through the air and settled on the outlaw's horns. Luann let her rope drop. They didn't need her any more. The men could take care of it from now on.

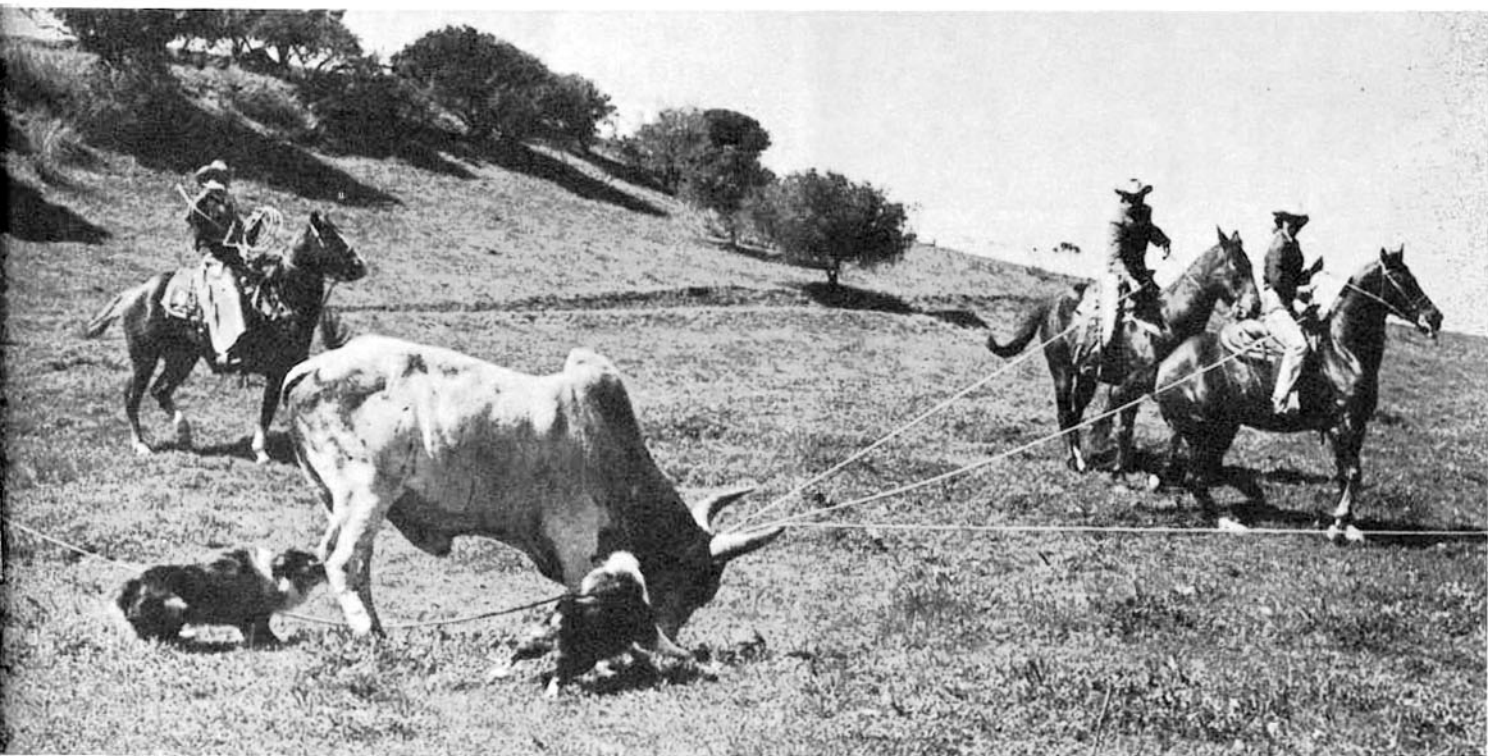
As the rest of the riders led the captured bull down the hill toward home, Luann and her father brought up the rear. Grant Heath had a chance to study his daughter's scratched and mud-stained face and torn, dirty clothes for the first time.

"For heaven's sake, what happened to you before we got here? Are you all right?" he asked her anxiously.

She sent him an impish look.

"Sure I am. Wouldn't *you* be?"

But Luann steadfastly refused to take too much credit for the Brahma's capture. "I couldn't ever have done it," she said, "without Stub and Shorty and Nipper D."



Expertly, the men threw their lariats over the outlaw's horns. Now Luann could let go. The big bull was caught!

Butch and Jan Meet the Atom

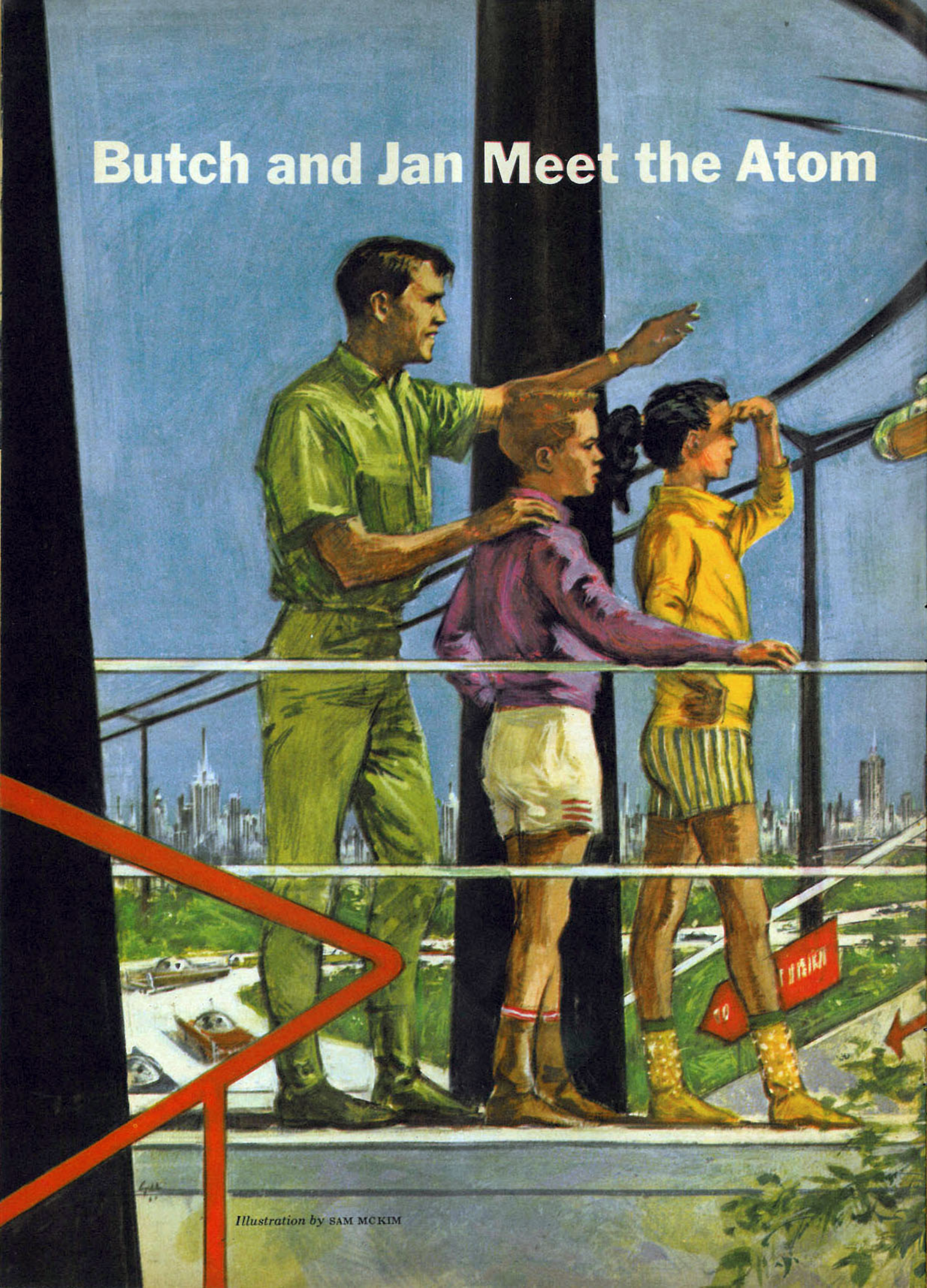
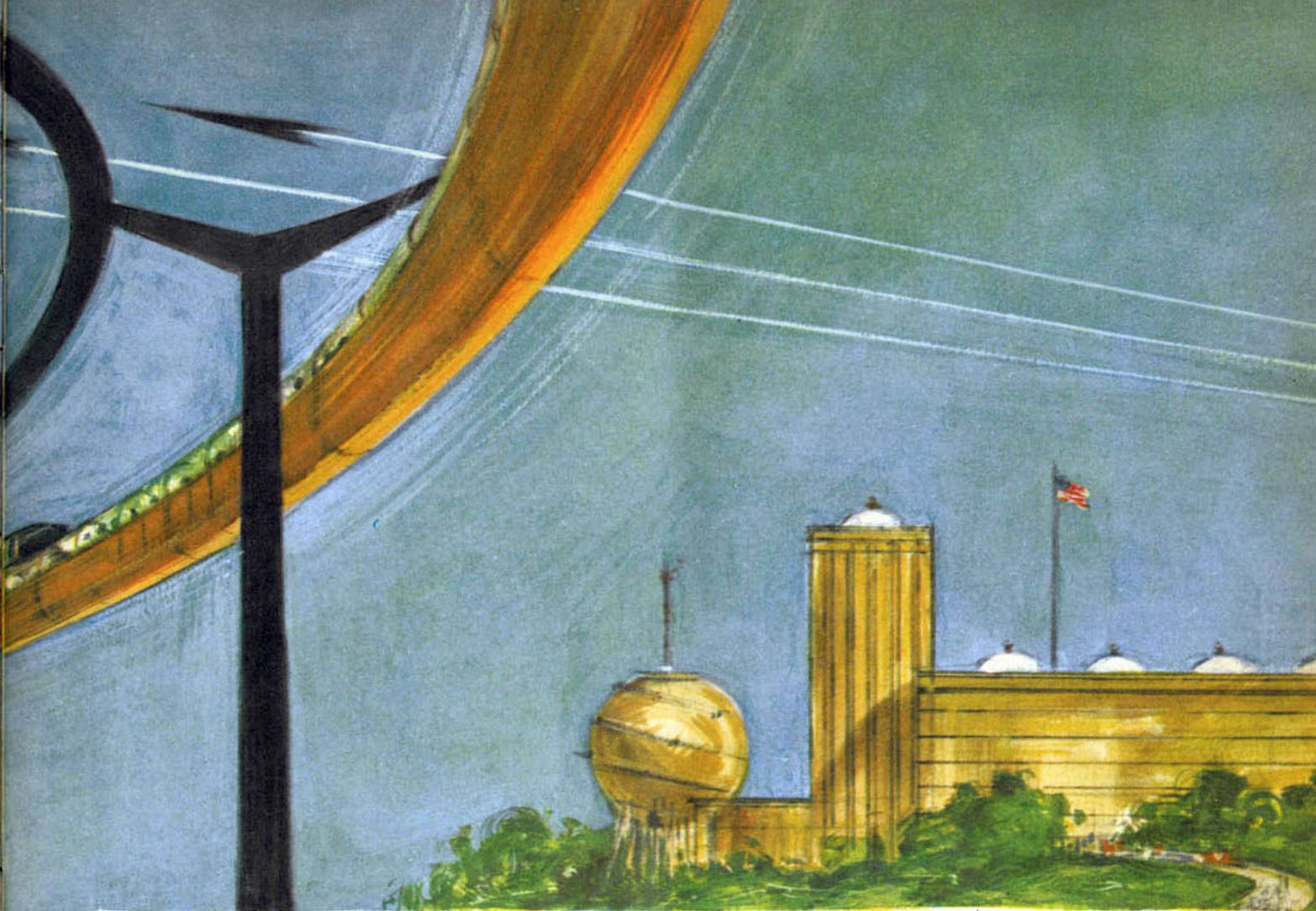


Illustration by SAM MCKIM



Tommy "Butch" Pike hurried into the den where the family had gathered to celebrate the end of the old year and the start of the new. The electronic clock on his father's desk pointed its gleaming red arrow to 12 o'clock midnight. The New Year had arrived and with it, both inside the house and out, there were cries of greeting, the tooting of horns and the ringing of bells, and all manner of other sounds as the celebration reached a climax.

Butch, whose twelfth birthday was on this very day and who had been allowed to stay up to see it and the New Year in, stood on a chair and pulled the Trans-Globe Atomic Airline calendar from the wall where a tiny magnet had held it in place for the past year. Now he placed the metallic square, which was fastened to the back of his new calendar, in contact with the magnet on the wall and then stepped down off the chair.

"Look, Dad," he said, pointing to the wall.

The new calendar, headed by a fine color photograph of the world's largest and fastest atomic airplane (Los Angeles to London in four hours), read, "January 2000."

"This is a historic moment," said Mr. Pike. "And not just because it's your birthday, Tom."

"I know," Butch agreed. "We're in the atomic age and the year 2000 ends a century of experiment and starts a new one of — of — something. My teacher

said so in our class at school the other day!"

"Yes," laughed his father, "That's right. We're really entering a great period of history. We're past the danger of atomic power being used for war and have learned to use it entirely for the welfare of all the people — for power, for health and for peace."

"And I," said Butch, whose nickname came from his short haircut, "want to grow up and be a nuclear engineer like Greg is going to be."

Greg, Butch's 19-year-old cousin who was a science student at State University, was sitting in an easy chair twirling the remote control dials of the 60-inch television plate which hung on the wall. Greg had the sound off so the family could talk but he was switching from station to station looking at on-the-spot news flashes from different parts of the world — New York City, Paris, Tokyo, Capetown, Hong Kong.

Suddenly the telephone rang — a low, pleasantly-pitched sound very much like a musical note. Butch answered by pressing a button on the arm of his chair.

"This is Jan," said a girl's voice. "May I come in?"

Butch pressed another button and there on a small screen on the desk was the smiling face of a 12-year-old girl.

"Hi, Jan," said Butch. "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year to you!" came the reply from the screen.

This was Jan Weatherby, the girl next door, who was now able to see Butch's face on *her* television telephone.

"Oh, and Happy Birthday, Butch," remembered Jan. "Let's see, you're eleven today, aren't you?"

"Twelve!" corrected Butch indignantly. "Same as you."

"I called," said Jan, "to tell you Dad has heard from Mr. Millington and it's all right for us to visit the atomic energy power plant."

This was good news indeed. Jan's father, an engineer with the Western Seaboard Atomic Power Company, had arranged for Jan, Butch and Greg to see the plant, the very latest of its kind. The "tourists," as Butch's father jokingly called them, were going to make their visit on New Year's day — today — since tomorrow they would be ending their holidays and would return to school.

It was early afternoon when the three young people stepped off the *Blue Streak*, an atomic-powered monorail train, at Westerville, some 200 miles from their home neighborhood. The trip in the comfortable air-conditioned "rail-liner" had taken just under an hour.

As they came out of the station Jan and Butch stopped in amazement.

"Moving sidewalks!" exclaimed Jan, hardly believing what she saw.

"Right to the door of the plant," marveled Butch.

"They go all through the buildings, too," explained Greg who had previously toured the plant with one of his engineering classes at the university.

Gingerly Jan stepped onto the smooth, gliding ribbon, followed by the other two, and in a few minutes they had passed through an impres-

sive doorway into the plant's interior and had been shown into the office of Mr. Millington, the general manager.

"This being a holiday," explained Mr. Millington after introductions had been completed, "we have only a small crew working. So if you don't mind I'm going to ask Greg here to act as tour guide and take you through. You've seen it all before, Greg, and from your studies at school I think you can explain it to them without too much difficulty."

Soon the three were on another moving walkway which became an escalator when they changed floors. The general manager had given Greg a printed diagram of the plant to guide them. Occasionally they passed a workman who nodded to them, but for the most part the place was like a great vault, with tremendously high walls, great windows — and a deep silence.

"Is it always this quiet?" asked Jan in an awed voice.

"Oh, yes," Greg told her. "The atomic reactors run silently and so do most of the other machines. Gone are the clashing noises of years past. Practically all that remains is the pleasing musical tone of the high speed turbines."

"I just don't understand how atomic power works," complained Jan.

"It's not so complicated," said Greg. "We're coming to the main reactor hall now. I'll try to explain it so you can understand it."

They entered another great room with a very high ceiling and shining equipment. Butch was reminded of a museum, but one with rooms bigger than any he had ever seen.

They stopped beside a gleaming brass railing which fenced off a

giant machine — an atomic reactor — covered by an enormous lead casing.

"This is probably the latest type reactor in existence," Greg explained to the other two. "Inside, as fuel, the men have placed a small quantity of refined uranium."

"Isn't uranium expensive?" asked Jan.

"It used to be," answered Greg. "But many new deposits have been found in the mountains of Alaska and Siberia and at the South Pole. Now it costs about fifteen dollars a pound. To give you an idea, 20 pounds of uranium is enough to light 25,000 homes for a whole year."

"How does the reactor work?" Butch asked.

"Well, first let me say that it is the heat created in these machines that makes the power. Uranium is placed inside and a 'chain reaction' starts. In every second, billions of atoms, which are tiny particles, are torn in two — split, as you've heard people say. They are split by neutrons — another type of particle — which criss-cross in all directions. The fragments fly apart and slam into other atoms, causing them to bounce around in all directions. All this motion makes intense heat.

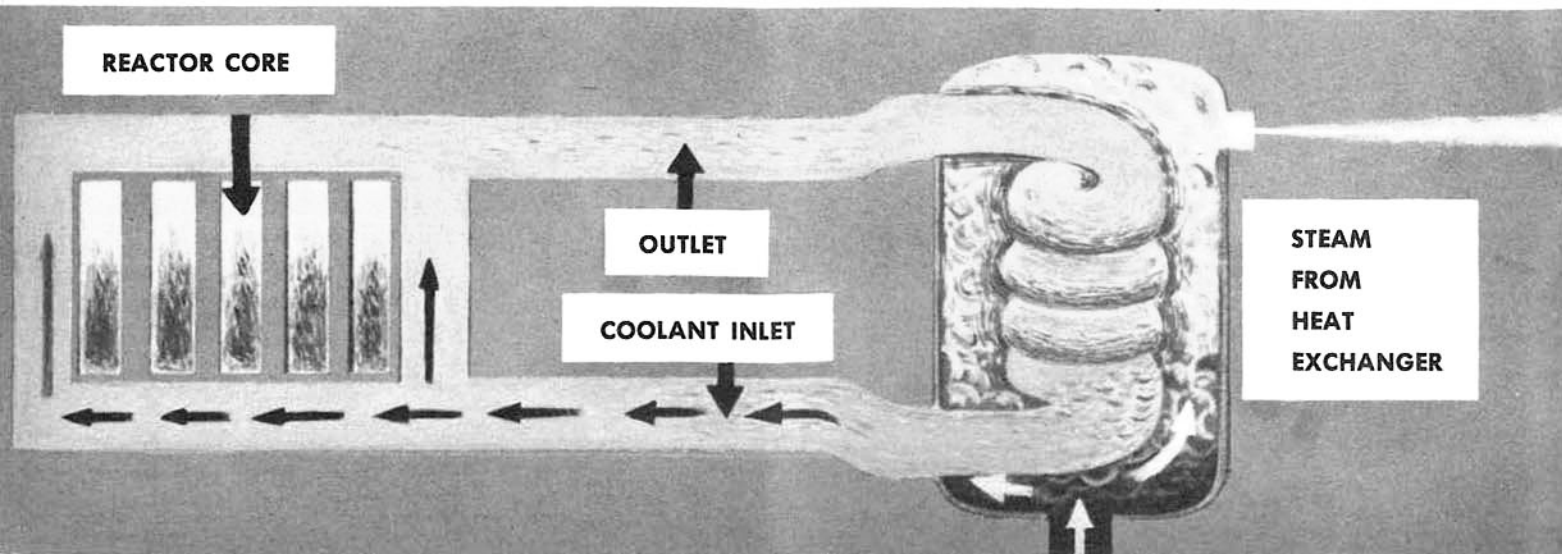
"Next, water is pumped in. This picks up the heat and becomes steam. The steam, in turn, is directed against turbine blades which then turn rapidly. This power is finally converted into electricity."

"You sound like a teacher," commented Butch. "I think you'd make a good one. I'm beginning to understand."

"I'm lost," said Jan.

"Oh no," encouraged Greg. "You'll get it."

"Isn't this what happens?" broke



in Butch. "The uranium makes a big ruckus inside the reactor as the particles fight each other, everything bangs around in there and causes a lot of heat, and then this heat turns water to steam—like a tea-kettle on a stove. Then the steam pushes the turbine around—that's a big wheel-like thing with slanted blades. Steam hitting the blades makes the whole thing move, and there's your power."

"Not bad, Butch," exclaimed Greg in admiration. "Not exactly scientific terminology, but you have the idea."

"Well, I guess I get the general idea," said Jan doubtfully.

"Girls can sure be dumb sometimes," Butch said teasingly.

Jan made a face.

"I'm only kidding," Butch was patching it up now. "Girls are really pretty smart."

Now Jan flashed him a smile.

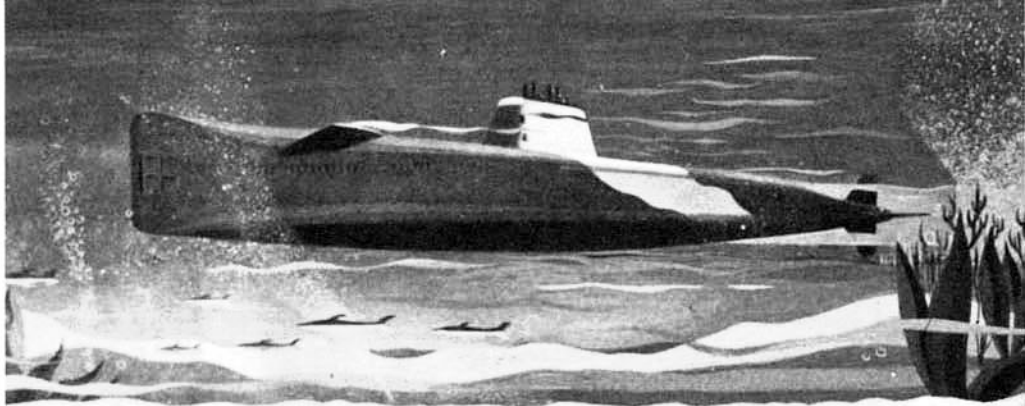
"There are different types of reactors," Greg broke in, and the two paid attention again. "But they all work with the transfer of heat to a liquid. The liquid then is run through a boiler where its heat is used to produce steam. It used to be that they got the heat by burning coal or oil but all that's out of date now. The new power from the atom makes less noise and gives us cleaner cities. For example, there is no smog like they used to have back in the 1950's."

"I read about that," recalled Butch. "I'm glad we don't have it."

"And noise has been reduced by 50% since those days," went on Greg. "Of course we can't use atomic power in the present day automobiles, because it would be too dangerous to have an atomic reactor in a car which might have an accident and release atomic radiation. As you know, we are using electric batteries in cars for city traffic, and for high speed cross-country travel we have our turbine cars that run on hydroperoxide."

"The atom's rays are mighty important in medicine, of course, but they have to be controlled or they could be very injurious. Atomic radiation, skillfully used, was the means of eliminating cancer as one of man's most fatal diseases not too many years ago."

"Greg, what are some of the other things atomic power does?" asked Jan. "It powers trains and airplanes,



Butch knew about the Nautilus—the first atom-driven ship in the world.

of course, but what else does it run?"

"Ships," broke in Butch.

"That's right," agreed Greg.

"Nearly all the vessels on the sea nowadays are atom-powered. Most of our electricity comes from the atom now, although we'll always have water power as an electrical source, too. The atom lights our houses, toasts our bread, runs our TV sets, the vacuum cleaner—all these things. Even the moving sidewalks."

"How do today's airplanes work?" asked Butch.

"They have turbo-compressors driven by atomic heat. Great quantities of air, scooped up by broad intakes or openings in the front of the plane, are squeezed by the compressors into a special heat-exchanger that heats the air—that atomic heat again. Then the hot air escapes at the rear of the plane and pushes the plane forward, the same as in the old style jet planes back in the 1950's. But now a few pounds of uranium is all the fuel needed and planes could fly around the world a half-dozen times without refueling if their pilots wanted to."

With their heads full of ideas, the three visitors finished their tour and then caught the late afternoon monorail train for home.

"I'll give you a quiz question," said Greg as the train raced silently through the peaceful countryside. The other two, who always liked these challenges, came to attention.

"What was the very first important use of atomic energy in ocean travel?"

"You mean what kind of vessel or what particular one?" asked Butch.

"Both," answered Greg.

"I give up," said Jan, "but Butch should know. He reads about all these things."

"I think I do know," said Butch.

"Wasn't it the U.S. Navy submarine, the *Nautilus*?"

"That's right," Greg was pleased that his "pupil" knew the answer. "It was the first atom-driven ship in the world and made its first run away back in 1955."

"And it was named after Captain Nemo's submarine," Butch filled in, proud to be able to provide these facts. "He was the hero of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. Remember, Jan, that book by Jules Verne?"

"Of course," said Jan. "He wrote one called *The Mysterious Island* that I liked even better."

"The reason I brought up the *Nautilus*," said Greg, "is that I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Butch.

"Tell us, Greg," said Jan.

"Well, it's this: the *Nautilus* will be in port next week down at the harbor, still in operation after 45 years. Of course today it's really a museum piece like *Old Ironsides*, the famous ship that used to be on display in Boston Harbor many years ago. Anyway, I thought maybe you'd like to be taken through it."

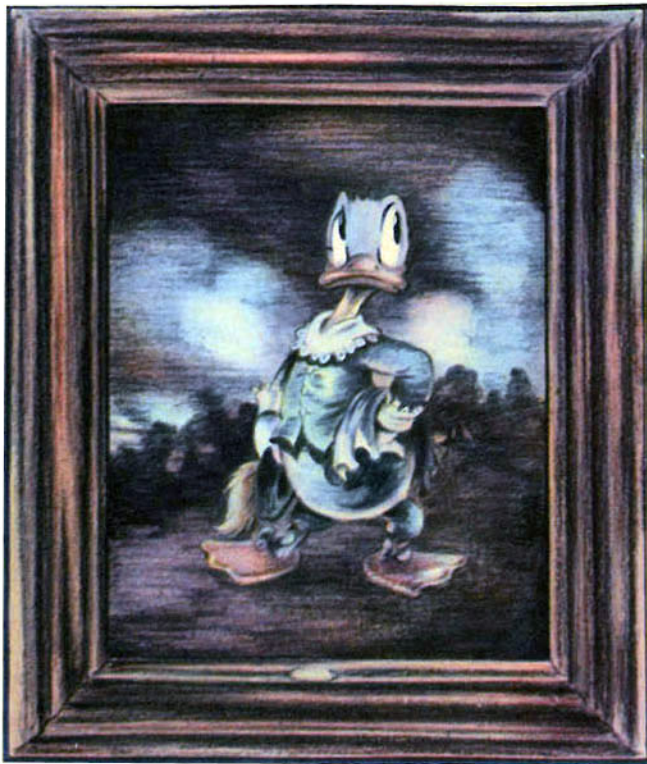
"Would we!" Jan and Butch said excitedly in the same instant.

"It's settled then," said Greg. "Our engineering professor has arranged for our class at college to go, and he told us we would be allowed to bring guests. So you can be mine."

"Now that the need for weapons of war no longer exists, the *Nautilus* is out of date alongside the new submarines which are really great laboratories for undersea exploration. But outmoded or not, it will be interesting to see how men first made peaceful use of their new-found atomic power."

"It will be great," said Butch.

But that is another story.



"The Blue Duck," by English painter Thomas Gainsborough.



Sir Thomas Lawrence painted the exquisite "Pinkie Daisy".

A Gallery of Ducks

Donald Duck is a movie star, and this is not surprising. For Ducks usually succeed at anything they try to do. Members of Donald's family have flourished and been successful in every century and in every country. As proof of this, Donald points with pride to the family portraits which hang in the gallery of Uncle Scrooge McDuck's mansion. (Donald could always point with pride to Uncle Scrooge, but that would be rude.)

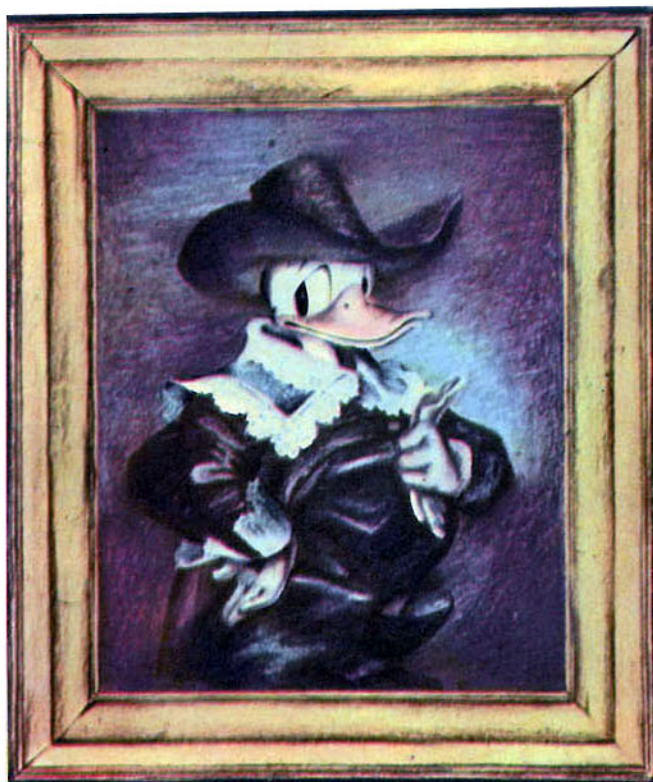
Glamorous, notable Ducks from every age look down from Uncle Scrooge's walls. There is Jacobo Duck, the Venetian nobleman who was painted by Tintoretto, and Joos van Duck, who inspired the Flemish master Quentin Matsys to paint the famous "Duck with a Pink." The Frans Hals portrait of sober, steady Hans van der Duck, a prominent official in Amsterdam many years ago, is a favorite of sober, steady Uncle Scrooge. The Duck nephews especially admire Gainsborough's "The Blue Duck" while Daisy loves "Pinkie Daisy" by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Matisse's lovely picture of Parisian beauty Margot Duck. But to Donald the most important picture in the family gallery is Degas' drawing of the two Duck sisters who were such prominent members of the Paris Opera Ballet. "They were real pioneers," quacks Donald. "They were the first members of my family to have a real career in the theater."



Matisse painted lovely Margot Duck as a harem girl.



The Venetian noble Jacobo Duck, by Tintoretto.



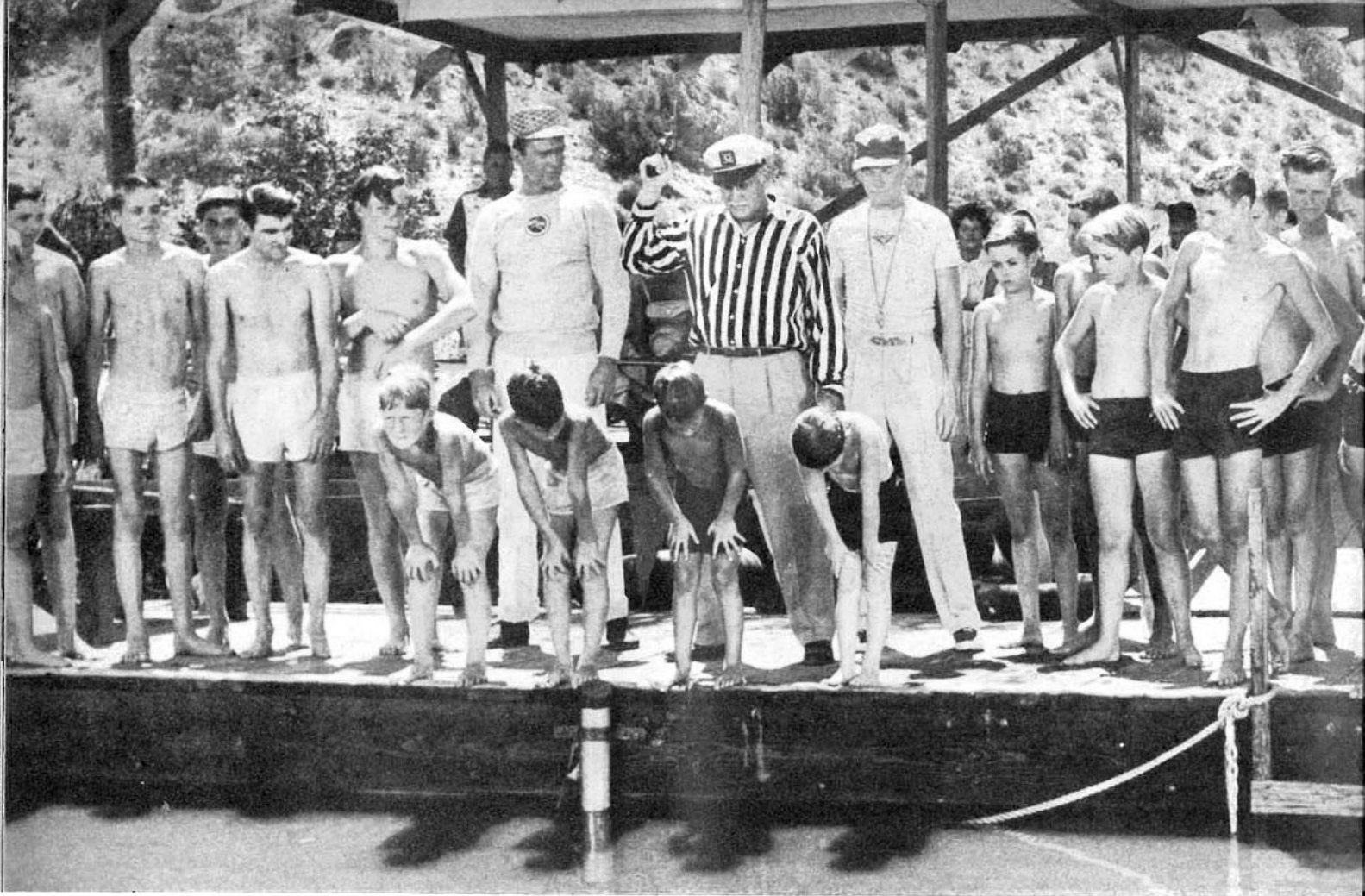
"Duck with Glove," Hans van der Duck by Frans Hals.



"Duck with a Pink" by Quentin Matsys.



Degas' rendition of the dancing Duck sisters is Donald's favorite.



The Pollywogs lined up for the twenty-yard freestyle race. The starter raised his gun. "On your marks—set—go!"

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SPIN AND MARTY

by Frank A. Reilly...based on the television screenplay by Lillie Hayward

In the corral of the Triple-R Ranch, Skyrocket, Sailor and the other horses were snorting and whinnying excitedly as the newly arrived boys, whooping and shouting, milled about the yard with their duffel bags and suitcases. Old Ollie, the grizzled cowhand, howled happily from the barn: "Welcome back to the Triple-R, you ring-tailed Indians!" Outside the kitchen, George, the Chinese cook, brandished a cleaver in salute. On the porch of the ranch-house, Mr. Logan and the counsellor, Bill Burnett, grinned and waved their greetings. And alone beside a sycamore on this bright June morning, unnoticed by anyone, a small, snub-nosed, round-faced boy was crying.

Hurrying toward the bunkhouse, little Freddy, last year's tenderest of the tenderfeet but now an assured *old timer*, paused suddenly by the weeping youngster. "Say! What's with you?" The lad gulped. "Nothin'—except I've never been to a summer camp before—and—"

"Gosh," exclaimed Freddy, "you don't know what you've missed. The Triple-R is the best darn place in the whole world. The kids are swell, and we go on hikes and ride horses and..." The lad sniffled

miserably. "I—I'm scared of horses." Freddy gave him a knowing look and said reassuringly: "Well, last year I was scared of 'em, too, at first. But you'll get used to 'em. Say, what's your name, anyway?"

"Moochie."

"Mine's Freddy. Come on, Moochie, let's go over to the bunkhouse and meet the gang. Here, I'll help you with your stuff."

Moochie gulped down a final moist sob and trooped away with Freddy.

Inside the bunkhouse there was much laughter and fun as the boys unpacked their gear and changed into jeans, T shirts and sneakers. Freddy pointed out some of his last season's pals for the little newcomer. "That lazy looking kid is Ambitious. We call him that because he *isn't*. Swell egg. That beanpole is Speckle. He must've grown a mile during the winter. Collects bugs and toads and things. Swell egg. Next to him is Joe. Keen rider. Almost as good as Spin. Swell egg. And there's Al with the..."

A handsome boy with a dark crew cut bounced from the washroom, wrestling his way into a clean white T shirt. "Marty here yet?" he asked. "Haven't

seen him, Spin," Joe answered. Freddy nudged Moochie, whispered: "That's Spin Evans—the Spin Evans."

"Gosh, I hope Marty's coming back this year," said Spin. "Mr. Logan said he was, but—" Ambitious had a sudden thought. "Say, suppose Marty's changed back into being a drip?" Spin cut him short. "Forget it. That was *last year*!" Ambitious was convinced. "I know, but he's been away from here a whole year—an' he's a rich kid—an' his grandmother spoils him an'—well, he *could've* changed back!"

As the boys resumed their unpacking Freddy explained to Moochie. "You see, this Marty Markham got off to a terrible start last year.

"He arrived in a shiny Lincoln with a chauffeur *and a valet*, and a pile of fancy baggage. He took one look at the Triple-R and called it a *dirty old farm*! Then he began bragging about being a *polo player*. And it turned out that he didn't even know which side of a horse to get up on!"

"No kidding?" said Moochie, shaking his head in disbelief. He thought a moment, then asked "Which side of a horse *do* you get up on?" Freddy gave



the innocent mite a scornful look. "The top side, of course." Then he went on about Marty. "Well, he was high-hat and a stubborn kid for sure. Finally he picked a fight with Spin and got some sense knocked into him. After that, Marty loosened up and became a regular guy. By the end of summer he was a keen rider and helped us win the big rodeo with the North Fork gang." Freddy paused to glance out the window with a worried frown. "But now—now we're waiting to see if he's changed back into being a drip—"

Suddenly Speckle yelled from the bunkhouse doorway. "Hey, gang! Here comes Polo—Marty, I mean!" Spin rushed to the window, then whooped joyously. "The Lincoln's just coming up the road!"

The limousine purred to a stop in front of the office as the boys piled out of the bunkhouse. They paused on the steps, silent with eagerness and expectancy. Perkins, the valet, as prim and somber as ever, ducked out the front seat and held open the rear door. Marty emerged, slowly. Completely ignoring the boys he looked around. After a long minute he spoke, with emphatic disdain. "Same dirty old farm!"

Freddy gasped out of the side of his mouth. "Oh oh! Here we go again!"

Haughtily Marty motioned. "All right, Perkins—don't just stand there. Get out my bags." The valet jumped to obey. "Yes, Master Martin. Right away, sir." Logan and Bill Burnett appeared

in the office doorway. They exchanged uneasy looks. Still ignoring the waiting group Marty reached into the car and lifted out a polo helmet, shouldered the stick and started toward the office. He took a few steps. Then his shoulders began to shake strangely. Suddenly he turned to face the boys. And he was laughing. "Hi, gang!" he yelled.

As the boys finally realized they had been watching an elaborate act they rushed forward and surrounded the newcomer, all talking at once. "Hi, Marty!" "Welcome back to the Triple-R!" "How's the old polo player?" Glee-fully Perkins tossed his bowler into the air, Logan and the counsellor relaxed.

Now, for a moment, Spin and Marty, last year's rivals, just stared at each other. Then they grinned wide, affectionate grins. "I could hardly wait to get here," said Marty. "It's great—real great—seems just like home."

As the boys paraded back to the bunkhouse with Marty, Perkins turned to Mr. Logan, speaking a little anxiously. "I—I'm hoping my job with George in the kitchen is still open..." The ranch owner laughed. "Yes, Perkins. It looks like you're back on K. P. again. And we're glad to have you." Perkins was delighted. "Very good, sir! I'll pop right over to see George. I have a new recipe for him—hot dogs and Yorkshire pudding"

Bewhiskered Ollie had watched the whole scene from the corral. Now, grinning knowingly, he closed the gate behind him, looked back at the horses tossing their heads and tails and said: "All right, you jugheads—simmer down. You'll have plenty time to kick up your heels as soon as them young hyenas start makin' like cowboys!"

* * *

The first-night dinner at the Triple-R was almost over. Spin, Marty and Joe, waiters for the meal, were clearing the tables before dessert. One by one the boys had stood and introduced themselves. Now Freddy poked the snub-nosed, round-faced newcomer. "Hey, Junior—your turn." Moochie swallowed, braced himself, somehow got to his feet. "Well—uh—my name's Moochie—that's short for—Montgomery O'Hara. I'm seven an' a half years old and I'm in A-2 and I wear size ten an' I want to learn to rope an' brand calves—ride buckin' broncos, drive a stagecoach an' carry two six-shooters." Everybody roared their approval.

Mr. Logan nodded from his table. "Well, Moochie, that's quite a program you've laid out for yourself." Moochie sat down. Rapidly he was becoming one of the gang. Then he was back on his feet. "Oh, an' learn to spin a rope." There was another roar, and Moochie was in.

In the kitchen George, smiling his Oriental smile, was cutting a mammoth frosted chocolate cake. Perkins, in cook's outfit, stood by with trays for the

waiters. "Nothing wrong with the young gentlemen's appetites," he observed. George snorted an Oriental snort. "Young gentlemen eat chairs and tables if not nailed down!"

As the cake was being served, Mr. Logan stood up. "Boys, while you're working on your dessert I'd like to tell you a little bit about the schedule for the summer." The boys looked up expectantly, without losing their interest in the food. "This year," continued Mr. Logan, "in addition to our ranch activities—riding, roping and camping—we're going to bear down on *swimming*! There'll be a swimming meet at the end of summer with our rivals, the North Fork boys. It means lots of hard practice if we want to lick that gang." The boys buzzed enthusiastically.

Bill Burnett nodded approvingly. "Looks like you *do* want to lick that North Fork gang." Then Mr. Logan continued. "Another new thing this year—on the Fourth of July we're going to have a dance." The boys blinked. This was a new one! "You see," went on the rancher, "there's a new girls' ranch right across the lake—the Circle H."

"Real deal," exclaimed Joe delightedly. "Dancing! And girls! How ducky!" Spin grimaced. "Yeah—quack—quack!"

"What's the matter?" asked Marty quickly, "don't you like to dance?" Spin was quite positive. "Heck no! Dancing's for drips!"

Later, seated around the first campfire with the rest, listening to Bill Burnett strumming softly on his guitar, Spin seemed preoccupied. Suddenly, he muttered: "Sure is a dumb idea—having a dance. *Who wants to dance?*"

Ambitious agreed with a vigorous nod. "I don't see why we have to have a gang of girls around, getting in everybody's hair." Joe seemed amused as he asked: "What you guys got against girls?" Spin shrugged. "Nothing. They're okay—I guess. But—" Marty interrupted. "I went to dancing school last winter. There were a lot of girls there. It was fun." Spin shot him a look.

Moochie had been listening. Now he joined in. "My sister's always spying on me." Freddy added the crusher. "They're *snoopy*!" But Joe had a faraway look in his eyes as he swayed to Bill Burnett's soft strumming. "Think I'll learn to rhumba for that Fourth of July dance." Spin snorted. "Aw, dancing—big deal!"

"Say," said Joe, "maybe Spin *can't* dance—!"

Spin glowered at him. "Maybe I can't. So what? An' I'm not gonna learn either—jumping around like a silly ape!"

Joe snapped his fingers with a sudden thought. "Hey! I got it!" He scrambled to his feet, swaying his hips, snapping his fingers again. "Now I know what 'Triple-R' means—*Rock, Roll an' Rhumba!*"

Spin gave him a sour look as the guitar melted softly into the night.

* * *

The next morning Mr. Logan and Bill Burnett stood on the swimming dock with the diving board that extended out into the sparkling blue waters of the cottonwoods-fringed lake. Moochie and Freddy were splashing in the shallow area; Ambitious, Al, Joe and Speckle were churning up the deeper water. "How do they look, Bill?" asked the rancher.

"Not bad. Most of them are in pretty fair shape, but they need lots of practice before they tangle with the North Fork outfit."

Spin dived cleanly from the board and began stroking smoothly toward the float in the middle of the lake. Marty plunged from the dock, and followed. "Look at that Spin go!" said Logan. Bill nodded. "That boy's a natural in any sport. I wish Marty was as good. But he'll be all right—just needs practice."

Swimming with easy, powerful strokes, Spin reached the float and started to haul himself aboard. Then he paused in startled surprise. A very pretty girl was emerging from the water on the opposite side of the float. "What are you doing here?" demanded the

boy. "Any objections?" asked the girl coolly. "This is a free country." She settled herself, removed her bathing cap and fluffed out the soft, dark curls that framed her pert face. "I suppose you're one of those Triple-R boys," she said. "Yeah," he replied, scowling.

Marty clambered onto the float, trying to catch his breath. "Gosh, Spin... where do you get... that speed?" Then he saw the girl. He smiled. "Oh...hello." She returned the smile, with interest. "Hello. I'm Annette. I'm from the Circle H."

Marty stood beside her, dripping. "My name's Marty." Spin broke in impatiently. "Come on, Marty. We can't stand around here gabbing all day." Marty protested. "Gosh, Spin—what's the rush? Gimme a chance to catch my breath."

"Hi!" sang a new voice. And a smiling, freckled girl popped from the water behind Annette. She waited a moment while the boys just stared. "Well," she finally demanded of the dark-haired girl, "aren't you going to introduce me to your friends?"

"Oh—this is Marty—and that one is Spin or something. They're from that

Triple-R Ranch." The newcomer was bright and friendly. "Hi, Marty! Hi, Spin! My name's Peggy." Marty bowed politely; Spin frowned, and muttered: "Come on, Marty—let's go."

Annette got to her feet, fastened her cap. "Come on, Peggy. We should be going, too. Remember, we're not supposed to talk to Triple-R boys unless, Miss Adams is with us." The two girls poised themselves on the edge of the float, dived beautifully and then swam away smoothly. The two boys watched. "Wow! Look at 'em go," exclaimed Marty. "I'm glad they're not on the North Fork team!"

* * *

Resplendent in a clean white T shirt with the Triple-R emblem and stiff new jeans, Marty was brushing his rust-colored hair in the washroom. He was oblivious of the amused scrutiny of Ambitious. Finally the onlooker exploded. "Say—what's the matter with you, Marty?—fussing an' getting slicked up an' everything!"

"Wouldn't hurt you to clean up a little!"

"What for?" demanded Ambitious.

"You know we're having company for the movie tonight!"

Then Ambitious saw the light. "Oh, now I get it—girls!"

And a little later, the girls arrived—Annette, Peggy, Susan, Sally and the others from Circle H, along with their counsellor, Miss Adams—all very gay in their colorful summer dresses.

"Wow!" exclaimed Moochie, "Wimmen!" They filed into the messhall that had been converted into a makeshift theatre with benches, screen and projection machine. Logan greeted the girls' counsellor. "Good evening, Miss Adams—welcome to the Triple-R."

"Thank you, Mr. Logan," she replied, "It was so good of you to ask us over to see your rodeo movie." The rancher cast a sly glance at Marty, standing nearby with Annette. The boy caught the glance, flushed and grinned a little sheepishly. For he was the one who had brought about this co-ed movie party.

Marty and Spin had been racing Skyrocket and Sailor out on the range one morning early in the week when they met Miss Adams and a riding party from Circle H. Annette's mare had bolted and the two boys took off in valiant pursuit. But the courageous girl had brought her mount under control before they reached her. Even Spin had to admit that the pretty, dark-haired girl could hang on to a horse. Then, in the ensuing chatter about horses and riding, Marty had issued an impulsive invitation to a screening of Mr. Logan's film of last summer's rodeo between the Triple-R boys and the North Fork outfit. Perhaps he had wanted the Circle H girls to see some real riding; perhaps he wanted an excuse to see Annette again.

After the babel of giggling introductions, the youngsters settled themselves

Without a glance at the boys on the porch, Marty strode toward the office.



on the benches. Marty maneuvered Annette to the edge of an aisle seat so that no one but he could sit beside her. But Annette had different ideas. She edged Marty over to make room on the outside of her bench; then she called out, "Sit here, Spin." A little flustered at the attention, Spin sat down as directed. Right behind the trio, Al murmured in a stage whisper: "How lucky can you be!" Spin grinned; Marty frowned a little. He wanted Annette to himself.

Then Mr. Logan took over. "All right—here we go! Hang on to your hats!" The lights went out, and the first title appeared on the screen: ANNUAL JUNIOR RODEO—TRIPLE-R RANCH VS. NORTH FORK.

For the next hour the little group of boys and girls sat in the semi-darkness, enthralled at the action on the screen. The boys, with the exception of little Moochie, knew what the result would be. The girls from Circle H watched the film excitedly. "But you *did* win, didn't you?" whispered Annette to Marty. "Wait and see," he said with a teasing grin.

Event by event the tense contests rolled on. There was the calf-roping event—the boot race—the catching and bridling—the roping contest—the riding—and, finally, the bucket relay. The boys whooped and pounded the benches. The girls squealed as the tie-breaking event began. Then when Spin raced across the finish line, the winner, little Moochie crashed off the bench. "We did it—we did it!" he screeched, pounding the floor.

The lights went on. The youngsters babbled and applauded. Annette turned to Spin, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, Spin—you were great—just great!" The boy squirmed, embarrassed. The girl's voice softened. "You're cute, too!" Spin looked at her, and grinned. On Annette's other side, Marty tried to smile with a face that felt as stiff as leather.

Bill Burnett rose from his place beside Miss Adams. "All right, you buckaroos—time for ice cream and cake—and coffee for us old folks!"

Later, around the campfire, the girls joined with the boys in the lilting melody of the Triple-R song. Off to one side, gnawing through a third piece of cake, Ambitious nudged Speckle. "Look at Spin and Marty—the way they're buzzing around that Annette." Speckle eyed the dark-haired girl. "I must say she's rather a neat specimen." Ambitious gnawed some more, then observed: "You know, Spec—it's a funny thing. Guys go along minding their business, an' then suddenly—something like Annette comes along, and boom! They're girl crazy." Disgustedly he shook his head. "It's sure corny."

* * *

In the kitchen Perkins was perched on a high stool, peeling potatoes; George was trimming the edge of a blueberry pie. Out beside the barn Marty dreamily



"My name's Moochie—short for Montgomery O'Hara," said the little fellow.

was going through the motions of currying Skyrocket. The two men looked at the boy every now and then. Finally Perkins observed: "I must say, Master Marty seems in a queer state these days." George snickered. "Puppy love allee samee shell shock!"

In the bunkhouse the other boys, tidying themselves up after swimming practice, were on the same subject. Freddy was talking. "...an' the way he's moping around by himself an' not eating or anything" Moochie broke in eagerly. "Yeah—he gave me his dessert last night!" Joe joined in with an eye-rolling grin. "I'll say one thing for Marty—that Annette's a knockout." At that moment Marty entered zombi-like from outside and Spin skipped in from the washroom. Both lads reacted slightly to the mention of the girl's name. Spin's hair was plastered to his head—glistening from an overdose of slickum. Moochie blurted out: "Gosh, Spin, what'd you do to your head?" Spin looked flustered, but tried to be casual. "Combed my hair. Any objections?"

Marty, awake now, lifted his head and sniffed loudly. "My! Don't *we* smell nice!"

Spin shot out a dirty look.

"How corny can you get?"

After lunch, the boys lolled in their bunks. Joe said to Al, "I'm gonna practice up on my roping this afternoon."

"What you gonna do?" asked Al, kidding, "lasso one of those Circle H dolls?" Joe sat up. "That's an idea! I'll catch me a partner for the Fourth of July dance!" Joe thought a while, then thought out loud. "Think I'll lasso Peggy—she's a good egg."

"Who you gonna ask to the Fourth of July dance, Spin?" asked Joe suddenly.

Spin flipped a few pages of a magazine. "Who said I was gonna ask anybody?" Marty spoke quietly from his

bunk. "Don't forget—he can't dance." Spin flipped more pages, muttered: "Who wants to?"

Ambitious spoke up. "We're all not as lucky as you, Marty—going to a high class dancing school all winter." Marty said nothing, but Freddy chimed in. "I think dancing's fun—only I'm not too good."

Joe scrambled to his feet. "I'll give you a few pointers, Freddy." Spec and Al hauled out the portable record player and spun the "Sweet Shop Rock." Freddy and Moochie pushed back the chairs. Joe whirled and bobbed and stamped. Then he grabbed Freddy and steered the younger lad about. "Atta boy! You're catching on! You're bopping!"

Marty got to his feet, watching closely. "Our dancing school teacher said you must master the seven basic dances before you can bop." Ambitious groaned. "Seven! You mean there are seven different kinds of bop?"

"No," explained Marty, "seven *basic* dances—rhumba, mambo, samba, tango, fox trot, swing and waltz."

Suddenly Spin flung himself off his bunk, tossed away the magazine and strode out of the bunkhouse. Joe called out. "Spin, where you going?"

"Out!" said Spin, with great finality.

The bunkhouse door slammed, and there was a moment of silence. Someone whistled softly. "What's biting him?" asked Joe. There was another brief silence, then Ambitious observed: "I think he feels bad 'cause he can't dance."

* * *

Ollie was in the shade of the barn, rubbing down one of his horses, humming softly to the music that floated over from the bunkhouse, when Spin sauntered aimlessly to the water trough. The bewhiskered cowhand glanced at the boy with his head down, hands plunged into the pockets of his jeans.

He caught the sober, half wistful expression on Spin's face. "What's the matter, big shot?"

The boy answered evasively. "Nothing." The man gave him a quick glance, shrugged, resumed his rubbing and humming to the beat of the music, his shoulders rolling rhythmically.

Absently Spin traced patterns in the dust with the toe of his sneaker. Gradually he became aware of Ollie's humming. Slowly an idea began to simmer. Spin's head came up, but he spoke with affected casualness. "Ollie, can you dance?—I mean, can you bop?"

The reply was gruffly emphatic. "Can I! Boy, haven't you heard? I was voted th' most hep kitty down to th' Jacksonville Sat'day night Hi-jinks!"

Spin tried to hold himself in, but the words tumbled out. "Could you teach me?"

The grizzled cowhand stared, then grinned. "So *that's* it! Well, durn tootin' I could!"

They went in the barn and Spin closed the open window of the harness room while Ollie slipped a record on the battered portable player, set the needle, said: "Okay, boy—let's go!" The cowhand moved around like a dancing bear on stilts. But he *could* bop, and he was a patient instructor. And Spin had the rhythmic coordination of the natural athlete.

* * *

More than an hour later Speckle was at the bunkhouse window, scrutinizing the local flora and fauna through his telescope when he whooped suddenly. "Hey! We got company! *Girls!*" The other boys scrambled to his side. Miss Adams with Annette, Peggy and the other Circle H girls were just riding into the yard.

With Marty and Joe in the lead, the boys streamed out just as Mr. Logan and Bill Burnett emerged from the office to greet the fair visitors. "We're going to ride over to the Dells for a wienie roast," explained Miss Adams. "How about you boys joining us?" There was an enthusiastic chorus of assent. "We've plenty of wienies for everybody," yelled Peggy.

The rancher looked around at the eager faces. "All right—anybody interested?" With explosive whoops the boys raced for the corral area to saddle up their mounts. Bill trotted after them. "I'll bring the old guitar so we can have a little music."

In the harness room Spin and Ollie, between records, heard the yells and looked out as the mounted boys drummed out of the corral. "Somethin' cookin'," said the cowhand. "Mebbe you ought to see what's up." Spin shrugged. "Naw, they're probably just gonna give the horses a workout." He turned away. "Let's try that twirl stuff once more—I think I'm getting it."

As Marty reined in alongside Annette, she rose in her stirrups, looked around



Annette sat on a log between Marty and Spin a little apart from the others.

and asked: "Where's Spin?" Marty shook his head with some concern. "Darned if I know. He disappeared more than an hour ago. I gave him a yell just now, but nothing happened." Annette frowned prettily. "Oh, that's a shame—we're going to have such a wonderful time." Marty looked at her. "We sure are!"

Bill Burnett surveyed the eager band of Triple-R boys and Circle H girls. Then with mimic military precision he saluted Mr. Logan who stood with little Moochie. "All present and accounted for, sir, except Spin Evans. No one seems to know where he is." The rancher's eyebrows went up, and he checked the boys to make sure. "Odd. Well, Moochie and I'll find him. He can catch up with you."

Logan looked down at Moochie's wistful face as the cavalcade clattered away. "Never mind, half-pint—next year you'll be old enough to ride. Now come on and help me find Spin."

* * *

Ollie and his pupil were changing records when they heard the distant clang of the messhall triangle. "Gosh," said Spin, "it's not supper time already, is it?" The lean cowhand squinted out the window. "Not by my stomach, it ain't—and not by the sun. It's only 'bout four." Spin listened to the insistent *clanging*, then made for the closed door. "Maybe somethin's happened! Golly, maybe it's a fire!"

Mr. Logan gave a gusty sigh of relief as Spin raced around the corner of the messhall. Moochie *clanged* a final *clang*, crowed triumphantly. "I told you he'd hear *that!*"

"Where the dickens have you been?"

demanded the rancher. "We've been looking all over for you." Spin hesitated. He sensed something was up. He looked at grinning Moochie, then around at the deserted yard of the Triple-R. Then, at Mr. Logan. "Did you want to see me, sir?" he asked innocently.

"Did I want to see you!" Logan was vehement. "We've *all* been wanting to see you!" The man paused. "The boys and girls went off without you."

Spin responded quickly. "Girls!" The rancher nodded. "Your friends from the Circle H came to take you boys to a wienie roast at the Dells." The rancher paused. "They—they've gone." Then: "If you hurry, you can catch up with them."

Spin's head came up. He thought a moment. Then he grinned. "Thanks, Mr. Logan." Then he playfully poked the wondering Moochie, and sprinted for the corral where Sailor was waiting.

* * *

The cavalcade was drumming along a wooded trail. Bill and Miss Adams rode at the head; Marty and Annette brought up the rear, behind Joe and Peggy. Annette looked back along the trail every now and then. Marty kept stealing sidewise glances at her. He was blissfully content. "Seems kinda funny you couldn't find him," she said suddenly.

"Find who?"

"Spin."

"Oh."

They rode in silence for a while. Then Marty forced himself to say what he had been trying to get the courage to say. "Annette—I was wondering if—if you have a partner for the Fourth of July dance...?"

"The Fourth of July dance? Oh, no—not exactly."

Marty continued with a rush. "Then can I be your partner?"

Demurely the girl turned over the idea in her pretty head. "Why, Marty, that's terribly sweet of you, but—who's Spin going to ask?"

The boy shrugged. "I don't think he'll ask anybody! He can't dance, you know." Annette was surprised. "He can't dance!" Marty couldn't resist a sarcastic dig. "No—and he won't learn either. He thinks dancing's dumb."

The girl was indignant. "Why, that's silly—dancing's fun." Marty agreed heartily. "Sure! That's what I keep telling him. So do the other kids. But Spin's a real stubborn guy."

They said nothing for a few moments, then Marty asked quietly: "Well, will you let me be your partner, Annette—for the dance, I mean?"

She seemed preoccupied. "Um hmmm—I guess so."

* * *

The clear, young voices of the boys and girls chorused the sweetly-sad strains of "Home on the Range." The twisting golden flames of the campfire cast a ruddy glow on the picturesque rocks and boulders that encircled the Dells. A little apart from the others Annette sat on a log, between Marty and Spin. She and Marty were singing. Spin was silent, dreamily watching the girl.

The song ended. Annette got to her feet suddenly. "The marshmallows. I almost forgot. I'll get them." Spin scrambled after her. "I'll help you." Marty looked after them, and a quick scowl clouded his face.

"I'm glad you caught up with us, Spin," Annette said softly as she took a box from her saddlebag. "It wouldn't have been a real wienie roast without you." Her big, brown eyes twinkled with gold dust from the campfire. The boy gulped, and his voice was a bit strained. "Annette—I—I've been trying to get a chance to talk to you. I—I was wonderin' if—if..." He halted lamely.

The girl encouraged him, gently. "If what, Spin?"

"If—uh—could you—would you—what I mean is—" And then the words tumbled out. "Do you have a partner for the Fourth of July dance?"

She looked away. "Marty asked me this afternoon—and I said yes."

"Oh." It was a very small "oh."

Annette saw the hurt look, and she spoke earnestly. "I'm sorry, Spin. I was hoping you would ask me. But since you can't dance—"

The boy's head came up. "Who says I can't?"

Hesitantly she answered. "Marty told me."

Spin was bitter now. "He would!"

"I would what?" asked a voice, and Marty stepped out of the flickering shadows. Spin faced him angrily. "What

do you mean telling Annette I can't dance?" The other boy glared back. "Well, you can't. You told me yourself. All the guys know it."

Spin flamed and he was too mad to think straight. "You're pretty smart—shooting off your mouth about things you don't know anything about—sticking your nose in my affairs—"

Annette looked around anxiously, helplessly as the two boys moved toward each other. And then Bill Burnett appeared. "Hey, what's going on here? What's this?"

"He practically called me a liar," fumed Marty. "I did not," exploded the other. Bill spoke curtly. "Now, take it easy, you two!"

For a brief moment Spin glared at Marty. He wanted to tear him apart. Then he caught himself, and he turned away, muttering: "Aw, forget it, Polo." He almost ran toward the horses tethered beyond the rocks.

Annette and Marty were still explaining to Bill when they heard the sudden sound of hoofbeats. The counsellor whirled, yelled: "Spin! Where you going?"

But Spin did not hear. He was prodding Sailor, urging him blindly into the open country beyond the Dells. He had to leave the crushing humiliation behind him.

Sailor obeyed his master's heels. He charged across the shadowy ground. Then something big and forbidding loomed up. The horse stopped dead. And the boy hurtled forward.

And the boy lay motionless on the ground. And the horse came up and nudged him gently. But the boy did not move.

And the horse looked around, as if pleading for help. And there was not a sound, except the mournful cry of a coyote, far away.

* * *

The moonlight filtered into the bunkhouse. All the boys were sleeping soundly—except Marty. He reached under his pillow for the small clock. The luminous face showed fifteen minutes past midnight. Again Marty looked over at Spin's empty bed. Then he climbed out of bed quietly, and began to dress.

The rancher and Bill Burnett were saddling their horses when Marty entered the corral. "Marty! What are you doing up at this hour?"

"Spin's not back yet," blurted the boy. "I'm worried!"

"You're worried!" exclaimed the rancher. Then he relented when he saw the anxiety in the lad's face. "We're just going out to look for him. Come along."

Marty was tightening Skyrocket's cinch when there sounded the tattoo of hoofbeats. Sailor trotted into the corral. His saddle was empty. The two men and the boy crowded about the horse. The animal pawed the ground and tossed his head and moved restively. "Something's happened!" cried Logan.

"Maybe Sailor'll lead us to Spin. Come on!" Bill caught the dragging reins, swung himself aboard the riderless horse, and Logan and Marty followed on their mounts. Sailor broke into a gallop. "Seems to know where he's going!" yelled Bill.

* * *

Out of the night came the urgent clatter of a horse racing through the moonlight, nearer and nearer. One by one the sleepy heads popped up in the bunkhouse. In an instant they were wide awake. "Where's Spin? Where's Marty? Something's up!" yelled Speckle. "Let's go see!"

Nightshirted Moochie slipped out of the bunkhouse while the others yanked on jeans and T shirts. He emerged just as Marty came to a skidding stop. Skyrocket was panting and glistening. Marty flung the reins at the youngster. "Tell one of the kids to give him a rub-down. He's soaked. I've gotta use Mr. Logan's phone!"

The other boys crowded into the rancher's office as Marty spoke excitedly. "... Doctor Spalding? This is the Triple-R. Spin Evans's had an accident. Serious, I think. They're bringing him back. Please get here as fast as you can..."

Slowly, reluctantly, Moochie led Marty's horse toward the barn. He heard the hurried hoofbeats of other horses coming up the road, the stamping of boots on the wooden steps of the office, the sounds of urgent voices and he knew Spin had been brought back. The tiny lad was too excited to understand the spent horse beside him. Perspiration trickled down Skyrocket's legs and he steamed all over. A tremor passed over his body.

Now a car screeched to a stop outside the lighted office. The wire door squeaked. "That's the doctor, I bet," whispered Moochie to himself. He strained his ears and eyes for a hint of what was going on. At length, the doctor came out and the car drove away. Moochie could contain himself no longer. He dropped the cloth with which he had begun to rub the horse, and hurried toward the office.

Skyrocket stood outside the barn where the boy left him, his head hanging, his wet body steaming in the chill night air. Another tremor shook him.

* * *

By morning, Spin was on the way to a remarkable recovery. He was propped up in Mr. Logan's own bedroom, making a large breakfast disappear. There were no broken bones, and he was almost wholly recovered from the shock of his tumble. Marty had been in to see him, and the boys were firm friends again. Everything was rosy at the Triple-R—except that:

Skyrocket was dying of pneumonia, and little Moochie had disappeared.

The great horse was lying on a bed of straw in his stall, with grim-faced

Ollie and despairing Marty hovering over him. And Mr. Logan and Bill Burnett were out on the range, searching anxiously for the small runaway. "The little imp!" groaned the rancher. "Of all the crazy things to do!"

"He blamed himself for Skyrocket getting sick. When he thought the horse was going to die he—well—I guess he got scared and scooted."

Logan gave his counsellor an imploring look. "For Pete's sake—is there anything *else* that can go wrong around here?"

It was mid-afternoon when Marty and Freddy pounded up to the two weary, worried men on a little rise overlooking the desolate wasteland. The boys were jubilant. "Skyrocket's gonna live!" shouted Marty. "He's okay!" shrieked Freddy. "Ollie gave him some secret syrup or something and he got to his feet—Skyrocket, I mean—an' now he's eating an' everything. Skyrocket, I mean. He's gonna live!"

There was no mistaking the exultant sincerity of the boys. Logan grinned happily at Bill. "That's half the battle! Now to find Moochie."

And they found him before sundown. They found the runaway in the shelter of a giant saguaro in a rocky gully. He was sleeping serenely, his head pillowed on his duffle bag.

It took a while for the rescue party to make the dazed youngster understand. When the good news about Skyrocket finally sank in, Moochie grinned a grin of vast relief. "Golly!" he exclaimed. "Then what am I running away for?"

* * *

There was moonlight and music and laughter and the rhythmic shuffle of feet to the beat of "The Sweet Shop Rock." The girls were gay in their bright cotton prints, and the boys were handsome in blue jackets and white ducks. The Japanese lanterns in the trees winked at their reflections in the huge bowl of pineapple punch that stood on the buffet table below. And beside the chilled bowl, on the red and white checked cloth, there was a grillful of fat, brown wienies, toasted rolls, chocolate cake and strawberry ice cream. It was a night to remember at the Triple-R. It was the night of the Fourth of July dance.

Bill Burnett was dancing with Miss Adams; Speckle with a tall, skinny girl who might almost have been his twin; Joe with Peggy; Al with Annette.

Moochie, Ambitious, Freddy and three of the girls were closing in on the food.

Spin stood quietly near one corner of the dance platform, waiting.

Marty sat in the bunkhouse in his pajamas, listening to the music coming from the other side of the yard. He was trying to concentrate on a game of chess with Perkins. His face was a grotesque mask of angry red welts covered with shocking blotches of calamine. Perkins' visage was no less unsightly.

It had happened that afternoon when a group was gathering pine boughs for decorations for the dance. Marty inadvertently had knocked loose a beehive. And he and Perkins had caught the full fury of the aroused swarm of bees.

"Oh, I say," said Perkins now, "I've taken your knight."

"Huh?—Oh—I'm sorry." Marty turned to the game with an effort. The distant dance music was tantalizing, and his thoughts were on Annette... and on Spin.

* * *

While Al was changing records, Spin stepped onto the platform and stood before Annette. "You dancing this one with anybody?" he asked.

"No, but—say! I thought you couldn't dance!" Spin slipped his arm around the girl as the music started again. "Oh—that was just an ugly rumor." He grinned, and they began to swing. Annette's eyebrows went up. Spin winked at goggle-eyed Ambitious. They danced beautifully.

Watching from the shadows with George, Ollie pointed to Spin, announced proudly: "That's *my boy!*"

When the record was finished, Annette stood back, looked up at Spin with sparkling eyes. "Oh! You were wonderful! Why didn't you tell me you could dance—like that?"

"'Cause I've been practicing." The boy was flushed and triumphant. A new record began. "Come on. Let's do it some more."

Joe and Peggy and the others stood back to watch now. Spin and Annette were floating in the magic of the moonlight and the music. "Boy—he's really gone!" exclaimed Peggy with an admiring grin. "Yeah," said Joe. "Spin's so gone he ain't ever coming back!"

Much later, Spin and Annette were rocking dreamily, all alone on the dance floor, blissfully unaware that the music had stopped. Bill and Miss Adams watched, amused. "Too bad we have to stop them," she said. The counsellor grinned. "For a boy who hated dancing, he's done all right."

Marty was still awake when the tired boys began to straggle into the bunkhouse. "Is the dance over?" he inquired with an effort to be casual. "As far as I'm concerned," yawned Ambitious, "though *some* people don't seem to know it!"

"If you ask me, they don't *want* to know it," added Al with a knowing grin.

"Who?" asked Marty, with a sinking feeling.

"Spin and Annette. They've been dancing together all night. Us guys didn't have a chance!"

* * *

It was morning and the birds were chirping cheerily and the sun was streaming into the bustling bunkhouse. Marty came out of the washroom, fully dressed. He had washed the calamine off his face. Except for a few small

bumps he looked practically new again. Spin, putting on his sneakers, looked up, grinned. "Say, Marty—you look like a new man this morning."

"I'm okay."

Spin stood up, exuding friendliness. "Feeling better, huh? All over the bee bites?" This time the reply was noticeably chilly. "I *told* you—I'm *okay!*"

Spin blinked, frowned, then grinned again. He wanted harmony. "Sure was a gyp you had to miss last night," he said soothingly. Marty grunted. "Yeah! I heard you were pretty broken up about it." Spin stiffened. "What do you mean?" Marty shot him a hostile glance. "Never mind. Skip it."

Marty stalked out stiffly. Spin looked after him uneasily. He turned to Ambitious. "Marty's sore at me, huh?" Ambitious spoke bluntly. "Wouldn't *you* be if your best friend walked off with your girl when you were grounded?"

Sharply Spin reacted. "Who says Annette's *his* girl?"

No one answered.

* * *

It was a few days later and the Triple-R boys were working out at the lake under the watchful eye of Bill Burnett. Marty and Spin started to climb the diving board at the same time. They collided. "Sorry," said Spin, stepping back. The other gave him a sour look, muttered: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I said I'm sorry."

Marty glared unpleasantly. "So you're sorry. You're not blind, are you?" Spin was ruffled now. "Say—what's bothering *you*?" Marty almost shouted: "Who's bothered?" Burnett called out suddenly. "Hey! What's with you two?" Spin tried to grin reassuringly. Marty scowled and splashed into the water.

Spin determined to close the rift before it widened. After all, he reasoned to himself, he and Marty had been pals for a long time. No sense letting a girl, even a sweet deal like Annette, push them apart. After lunch one day Spin found his rival currying Skyrocket behind the barn. He came right to the point. "Marty, I want to talk to you." The reply was very cool. "What about?"

"About you and me—and Annette—and the dance that night—" Now the reply was cold. "There's nothing to talk about."

Spin spoke earnestly, almost pleading. "Look, Marty—I—what I mean is—I'm sorry if I—" Abruptly the other turned and walked away, and his words came with stinging finality. "I *told* you—there's nothing to talk about!"

* * *

In the days that followed, Spin and Marty spoke to each other only when propriety demanded it, and then with no waste of words. Most of the boys were aware of the coolness, but no one knew how low the temperature really was. Mr. Logan and the counsellor, oddly enough, had no notion of the feud.

They were engrossed in preparing the boys for the approaching swimming meet with North Fork. The rancher was set on winning two straight championships for the Triple-R. And Bill was optimistic. "We've got speed, and we've got good divers. It'll be close, but we should win—if nothing happens."

But something did happen—the night before the meet. It happened toward the end of the campfire.

The guitar and the singing and the ruddy glow of the fire had a mellowing effect on Spin. He arose abruptly, looked around. "Where's Marty?" he asked. Freddy knew. "Over in the corral—with Skyrocket." As Spin strode away, a couple of the boys exchanged questioning glances. Ambitious held up both hands showing crossed fingers.

Spin spoke quietly. "Marty, I've got to talk to you." The other whirled fiercely. "How many times do I have to tell you—there's nothing to talk about!" Spin sighed, doggedly determined to make peace. "Marty, don't be so stubborn—you and I were pals. Heck, no girl's worth fighting about—"

"Pals," echoed Marty bitterly. "A fine pal *you* turned out to be." Then the pent-up rancor burst out of the boy. "You double-crossed me with Annette—showing off in front of the whole gang at the dance—"

Spin cut in sharply. "Wait! I did *not* double-cross you."

Marty's voice rose. "Oh no! Well, what do you call it?" He paused, gathering himself for his final blast. "Boy—how swell-headed *can* you get?"

Spin flared. His patient resolve was gone. He wanted to hurt. "Yeah! And how sore-headed *can* you get? Can I help it if Annette likes *me* better than she does *you*?"

Marty was past the point of no return. He swung blindly at Spin. And Spin swung back. And the fight was on.

The two boys were flailing away at each other when Bill, Ollie and the vanguard of the youngsters raced in. Bill grabbed Spin; Joe, Al and Speckle swarmed over Marty. Gradually the two combatants subsided, glaring at each other. Marty's left eye was swelling; Spin's lip was bleeding.

Bill spoke with cutting sarcasm. "Well, I must say you two picked a fine time to settle your personal argument! This is sure going to help us win the swimming meet tomorrow!"

The two belligerents glared at each other. Sharply the counsellor went on. "All right, you guys—shake hands."

Spin was cooling down. He hesitated, then stuck out his hand. But Marty, still fuming, shook off the restraining hands and walked away.

* * *

The announcer's voice was drowned in the swelling wave of excited sounds that came from the colorful crescent of spectators that curved around the shore of the lake. Above the throbbing chorus

rose the shrill voices of the Circle H girls. There was a flurry of flags above the dock. And more flags fluttered gaily out to the float, marking the swimming lanes. Rowboats, canoes and a few small sailboats bobbed expectantly on each side of the course.

Patiently, the announcer tried again. "Ladies and gentlemen—your attention, please!" The hubbub subsided slightly. "A.A.U. rules will govern this swimming meet between the Triple-R Ranch and the North Fork Camp. There will be racing and diving events, with individual prizes—and a grand prize for the winning team." The spectators buzzed and applauded. "Gosh," said Annette fervently, "Triple-R just *has* to win!"

The stripe-shirted starter now took over. "Will the contestants please come forward?"

Bill Burnett and his charges trotted toward the float as the starter introduced them. "On the left—the Triple-R Baracudas!" The boys looked smart in their blue satin trunks and white sweat-shirts with the Triple-R insignia. Marty was on one side, Spin on the other, as if they wanted to keep as far apart as possible. Marty's left eye was discolored; Spin's lip was a bit swollen.

The starter's voice cut in above the cheers. "And on the right—the North Fork Flounders." And now the rival rooters whooped it up for the boys in white trunks and shirts with the North

Fork emblems. A tall, good-looking boy with a crew haircut stood out in the group.

"Who's the big guy?" asked Al. "Terry Moore," said Burnett. "A new boy this year and, from what I hear, he's the one you have to beat." The Triple-R boys appraised him. "Huh, big deal," scoffed Ambitious. "Look at him giving the eye to the girls!"

Now the starter motioned to the judges in the official launch beside the course. The "All ready" signal sounded. The timers on the dock checked their stop watches. The crowd hushed. "First event, folks—the twenty-yard freestyle for the Pollywogs. Take your places!"

Moochie and another Triple-R junior lined up beside two North Fork lads. All four were raring to go. "On your marks—set—go!" The gun sounded and four small boys thrashed through the water as if pursued by demons. A North Fork boy struggled into the lead. "Come on, Red!" exhorted the white trunk fans. Bit by bit Moochie pulled up even. "Go, Moochie! Go!" yelled the Triple-R partisans. The two youngsters flailed away, neck and neck. Then Moochie inched ahead, and splashed over the finish line a half-length ahead of Red. "The winner—ladies and gentlemen," intoned the announcer, "Montgomery O'Hara—otherwise known as 'Moochie.'" The spectators quieted again as the contestants poised themselves for the fifty-yard freestyle event. The gun cracked

Annette was astonished. "Why didn't you tell me you could dance like this?"





Spin's diving helped put the Triple-R out in front in the big swimming meet.

and six boys hit the water. Freddy and a North Fork lad moved out in front and raced side by side. Neither could shake the other and they finished in a dead heat. A North Fork boy trailed them, just ahead of Speckle.

"Oh," groaned Annette, "North Fork gained a couple of points in that one." Peggy reassured her. "Don't worry—we're still ahead. And Spin and Marty both are in the next race. See," she pointed, "there's Marty looking over this way."

"He seems pretty grim," said Annette worriedly.

The North Fork ace, Terry Moore, lined up with his two teammates beside Spin, Al and Marty. The other Triple-R boys exchanged uneasy glances. Now they would find out how last night's fight would affect their hopes of winning. "Here's hoping," whispered Joe, "that the madder they are—the faster they'll go!"

The gun barked, the crowd roared,

and the fifty-yard backstroke event was on. Marty, Terry and Spin stroked away from the others. As they neared the finish line they were abreast. Then Marty seemed to spurt ahead to win. But no one could be sure. The crowd hushed to listen to the announcer. "The winner—Marty Markham! Second—Terry Moore! Third—Spin Evans!"

Bill and the rest of the Triple-R boys jumped up and down, pounded one another, screamed. "He did it! Good old Marty! He did it!"

"Poor Spin," murmured Annette. "Don't worry," advised Peggy. "There's more to come. He'll make up." And Spin did make up. He and Joe put the Triple-R out in front in the diving contest.

But the Circle H girls and the other Triple-R adherents sat quietly as the North Fork team swept the next two events. The crowd hushed as the score keeper tallied the points. Then came the announcer's voice. "Both teams are tied! And here we are, folks—the final

event—the 200-yard relay!"

The spectators exploded briefly, then settled back for the tie-breaking duel. Slowly Al and Marty swam out to the float to take their positions, along with their two North Fork rivals. On the dock Spin and Joe waited quietly beside smiling Terry Moore and his partner. The judges' launch maneuvered closer. "Remember, boys," sounded the starter's final warning, "you must not leave your positions till you've been tagged." There was a pause. The crowd tensed, the gun sounded and the decisive contest began.

Joe and his North Fork rival churned toward the float out in the water. They seemed to arrive at the same time, but Joe flung out his arm first and touched off his teammate, Al. "We're ahead!" shrieked Peggy. "Come on, Triple-R!"

Al opened a gap, but faded fast. And the North Fork boy closed with a rush. Spin and his opponent, Terry Moore, were neck and neck as they started the third lap. Here was the showdown between the two aces.

Waiting on the float for the final touch-off, it seemed to Marty that Spin was edging ahead of his rival. "Just like him," he thought to himself nastily. "Always the *hero*." Almost, *almost*, Marty wished that Terry would trounce Spin.

A tiny toy boat bobbed aimlessly away from the shallow water where some children had been playing. Awash, unnoticed, it drifted into the course. Then, as Spin surged forward in a supreme effort, the toy rammed its metal prow into his temple.

Marty was the first to realize that Spin had slipped beneath the water. He glimpsed the white face, the closed eyes, the suddenly limp arms. Then he plunged in just as Terry splashed up to touch off his teammate for the last lap.

As the puzzled and unopposed North Fork swimmer crossed the finish line, the official launch was standing by Marty who paddled toward the float with unconscious Spin. The spectators' excitement was muted swiftly into gasps of dismay. Annette stood, with both hands pressed hard against her mouth.

Slowly the fog lifted, and Spin could make out Marty's anxious face, and he could hear his anxious voice. "Spin—Spin—are you all right?" The injured boy touched his throbbing temple. "I—I'm okay, I guess—but what happened—what hit me? And the race? How did we come out?" Marty grinned with deep relief. He never knew he could be so glad about anything as he was now about Spin's recovery. "Well, we didn't win," he said simply, "but so what?" Spin drooped for an instant, then his chin came up, and he grinned back. "That's right—so what? We'll get 'em next year!"

And looking at them, anyone would know that the two boys had just won something infinitely more important than a swimming meet.



Anything Can Happen

HOW TO GUESS A PERSON'S BIRTH MONTH AND HIS AGE

This is a good stunt to try on your friends, something especially good at a party. Give your "subjects" pencils and paper and announce that you will name the month in which they were born and tell their age, all by a simple process of mathematics.

First ask each person to write down the number of his birth month. The number 1 will be for January, 2 for February, 3 for March and so on through the year.

Now ask each to do the following (the figures at the right provide an example in which the birth month is May):

- | | |
|---|-----|
| 1. Double the birth month number | 10 |
| 2. Add five | 15 |
| 3. Multiply by 50 | 750 |
| 4. Add your age (suppose it is 12) | 762 |
| 5. Subtract as many days as there are in a year | 397 |
| 6. Add 115 | 512 |

As each person gives his final number, you quickly tell the month, which is the first part of the answer — this being 5, or May, in the example above.

Now tell the age, which is always shown by the last two figures in the answer, this being 12 in the example above.

ANAGRAMS ARE FUN

By rearranging the order of the letters see if you can solve the following brain-ticklers. Answers are given on page 42.

1. Rearrange the letters in NIPSA to make a country in Europe.
2. Find an eastern American city in NOSTOB.
3. Turn WANTKIRMA into a noted American author (first and last name).
4. Rearrange SINGATHOWN to make the name of a famous U. S. president.
5. Make the name of a state out of RASSAKAN.
6. Find an American lake in the letters RINATOO.
7. Rearrange MIRISOUS to make a U. S. river.
8. Make a city of northern Europe out of CHENAPENOG.
9. Find a famous European mountain in TERRMATHON.
10. Rearrange LINKFARN to make a famous figure in early U. S. history.



Hm-m-m!

TRICK QUESTIONS DESERVE TRICK ANSWERS

These tricky questions will provide a lot of fun when you quiz your friends. First see what you can do with them yourself, then check the answers on page 42. Then try them out on others. Everybody will enjoy them whether they get any of the answers or not.

1. What falls but never gets hurt?
2. What word in the English language is always pronounced wrong?
3. What flower should be in a circus?
4. Is the second day of the week pronounced *Toos-day* or *Tews-day*?
5. What building can never be heavy?
6. What is always behind time?
7. When is a door not a door?
8. What runs and runs and never stops?
9. When does a man cease to be a man?
10. What bones never have meat on them?
11. What do you see people eat soup with?
12. What time was beef the highest?
13. There is something in a house you can read but it does not have words. What is it?
14. What has eight feet and sings?
15. What goes all around the house without legs?
16. What is it that never asks a question but must be answered?
17. What is the best weather for making hay?



The truth about Mother Goose

All of us know the nursery rhymes. Even before we could read, our parents told us the little tales of Jack Horner, who ate with his fingers, and Jack Spratt, who was very fussy about his diet. And of course there was the remarkable cow who jumped over the moon, and many, many others. Some of these rhymes are nonsense, but some are based on true stories. Some stories are funny, some gay, some sad. On these pages are stories of three things which inspired Mother Goose.

ANNE SIBERELL



Mary Stuart was a lovely young woman when she became Queen of Scotland. Perhaps she *was* a trifle frivolous. And who can blame her? She had spent her girlhood at the extravagant French court. She loved pretty clothes and fine food. It is said that one of her dresses was trimmed with silver cockleshells and little silver bells. And she had four pretty ladies-in-waiting, all named Mary like herself.

The dour, stern Scotchmen did not approve of Mary. She was flighty, they said. A queen should not behave like that. The dignity of the crown must be preserved! Her Protestant countrymen didn't care for Mary's religious ideas either. She was a Catholic. But Mary was strong-minded—or contrary, depending on your point of view. She refused to listen to her sober-faced advisers. She went her own way.

So they made up a little song about the young queen. You've heard it many times. It goes like this:

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row.



London Bridge was an elegant place to live when it was first finished, hundreds of years ago. Wealthy people rented houses built right on the broad, stone-arched span so that they could enjoy a fine view of the city and of the swiftly flowing river Thames. And the money from the rents was used to keep the bridge in good repair. Gradually, however, the neighborhood of London Bridge became less stylish. The elegant homes and shops decayed into mere tenements and hovels. The occupants were apt to be criminals and cut-throats.

The houses burned and were rebuilt again and again. At last, after 500 years, the fires and swift current of the river had so weakened the old bridge that it was just a shaky ruin. A little song about it became popular. The old bridge is forgotten today, for a new one takes its place, but the song is still remembered. It begins:

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down.
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!

PAUL HARTLEY



Jack Horner was a trusted servant to a great and wealthy official during the time of King Henry VIII. Now it was the custom of that age to put all sorts of gifts into pastries. So when the official wished to give the king a present of a valuable estate, he had the deed to the land inserted in a pie. Then he sent Jack Horner to carry the pie to the king.

Jack realized that there was something very fine in the pie, and he determined to see what it was. So he stuck in his thumb and pulled out a real prize—the deed to the estate! Jack said nothing, but he kept the deed and gave the pie to the king.

King Henry also knew there should be something very valuable in the pie. He lifted the crust and looked under it. Nothing! Even the best of us would be a little disappointed if we expected a nice gift and got just an empty package. Henry was a hot-tempered man. You can imagine his feelings. As for the poor official—well, the least said the better. But Jack, the knave, moved into his country estate and lived there happily for the rest of his life. Unless, perhaps, his sleep was haunted by the words of a certain rhyme:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!



DOREEN TRACEY declares her favorite activity, on-stage or off, is dancing. Here she is caught doing a step at home, just for the fun of it.



KAREN PENDLETON is very proud of her fine collection of dolls which she plays with in her room. She has dolls of all kinds and shapes and sizes from all over the world.

OFF-STAGE

The Mouseketeers, in spite of busy hours at school or before the TV cameras, find time for hobbies and play in the course of each day. They all say, of course, that acting, singing and dancing for the Mickey Mouse Club show is wonderful fun, too.

On these pages we see some of them in off moments, relaxing or engaging in favorite pastimes.



TOMMY COLE, DENNIS DAY and LARRY LARSEN (from left) are all chess players. Dennis also likes magic and painting and Larry specializes in sports, playing tennis, baseball and basketball and being a rifle enthusiast. For Tommy's interests see below.



TOMMY COLE likes to play his accordion and sing. He has a number of recordings to his credit. Other hobbies are art and handicraft.

CUBBY O'BRIEN collects hand puppets and likes to read. Best of all he loves to play the drums, an art he learned from his father and brother.



ANNETTE FUNICELLO is interested in fixing up her room at home where she also collects dolls. "I love clothes," she says, "for the dolls and for myself!"



GOD'S PIONEERS

The story of the California Missions

The 21 missions which the Franciscans established in California are shown on this illustrated map.

Illustrated by ART RILEY



One day in 1769, a small band of men set out from Loreto, in Lower California, on what turned out to be one of the great pioneer ventures of all time. They were Spanish Franciscan priests and their aim was to bring the teachings of Christianity to the Indians of the Pacific coast. Headed by their presidente, Fray Junipero Serra, and accompanied by a few Spanish soldiers, the padres marched overland—across mountains and deserts, through sweltering jungles—to the shores of what is now San Diego Bay. There the priests erected a crude cross on a hillside and built a small, rude chapel. In this chapel, Padre Serra celebrated High Mass. This was the beginning of Mission San Diego de Alcala, the first of the Upper California missions.

To the Indians gathered to watch the ceremonies that day, the Spanish padres must have been a strange sight. They were dressed in long, brown robes. Their bare feet were protected only by leather-thonged

Mouseketeers Karen and Cubby view the statue of Padre Fermin Lasuen, who founded Mission San Fernando Rey.



sandals. They were accompanied by soldiers and by working men who carried strange tools. There were strange animals there, too — animals such as the natives had never seen — cattle, sheep, horses and mules. The voices of the newcomers were gentle, and their gestures friendly.

Encouraged, the Indians made friends with the padres, and soon followed the way of life the Spaniards taught. They helped with the erection of the mission buildings — piling adobe bricks up into thick, sturdy walls, placing oaken beams just so for the roofs, laying tiles in the quiet courtyards.

But Padre Serra was not content with one mission. He envisioned a chain of such Houses of God stretching along El Camino Real — the King's Highway. So, in 1770, he sailed north to the Bay of Monterey, where he landed and built another church — San Carlos Borromeo. In 1771 the missions of San Antonio de Padua and San Gabriel Arcangel were founded. There followed San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, San Francisco de Asis, the now-famous San Juan Capistrano, where the swallows return each year like a living calendar, Santa Clara de Asis, and many more. At last, 21 missions rose gleaming and white — a vast system stretching from San Diego Bay in the south to Sonoma, north of San Francisco. Padre Serra did not live to see this work completed, but certainly it was his vision which carried it to the end. So this chain of missions is sometimes called "Father Serra's Rosary."

Mission San Fernando Rey de Espana, which was founded in 1797 by Father Fermin Lasuen, Father Serra's successor, is typical of the California missions. Over a thousand Indians once lived in the mission grounds. From the padres there they learned not only the rudiments of the Catholic faith, but also trades and vocations which would fit them for an active, useful place in the community. Some were taught farming. Others took care of the huge herds of cattle and sheep which grazed on the nearby hillsides. Still others became carpenters, boot-makers, saddlers, silversmiths, painters, tanners or weavers. The women spun wool into yarn. From the winery came sacramental wine for all the missions, and the cloth, tallow and brandy produced at San Fernando supplied not only the missions, but the nearby pueblo which is now the City of Los Angeles.

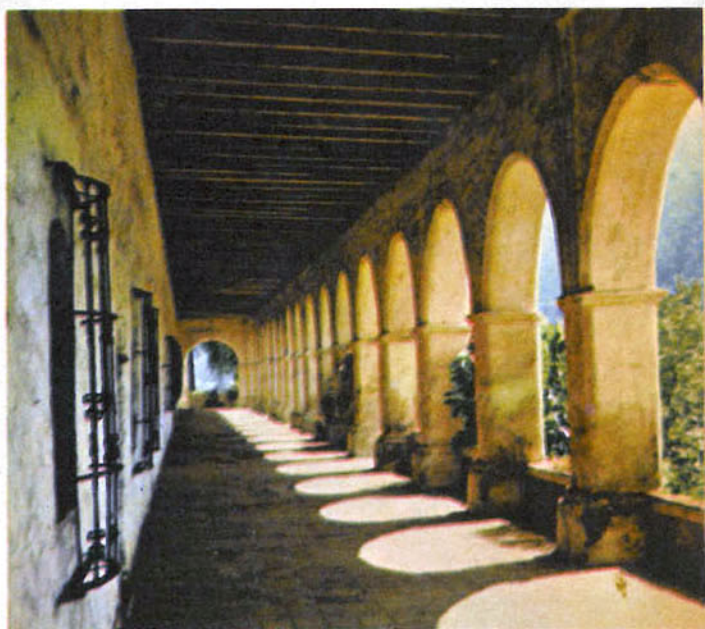
Best of all, San Fernando was a center of hospitality. All the travelers who made their way through the valley which is still called San Fernando knew that they could count on a quiet rest and some pleasant refreshment in the "long building" of the mission.

Like almost all of the missions, San Fernando fell into ruin and decay when the Mexican government drove the Franciscans from their lands in the 1830's. The larger buildings were taken over for warehouses and haylofts, and hogs rooted in the courtyard. The wind and rain were allowed to sweep through the crumbling adobe structures, until only the sturdy "long building" with its beautiful arched colonnade remained intact.

Today, the missions have been returned to the Church, and various civic societies have become interested in helping restore these landmarks of California history. San Fernando may not be the bustling center of hospitality it once was, but it is again a lovely place to see.



Karen and Cubby enter the mission courtyard.



The colonnade of the Mission San Fernando.

Clay tiles like these were used in the mission buildings over 180 years ago.





I'M AN ACTOR

by Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran

My name is Kevin Corcoran, but everybody calls me Moochie. Maybe that's because I'm seven years old. Things will be different when I'm eight, I'll bet. Anyway, I'm an actor. I've acted in a lot of things. When I was real little I acted as the baby who got dumped out of the carriage by the monster in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Then when I got older I had parts in movies like *Birds and the Bees*, and *Untamed*. And I was on television in *Adventure in Dairyland*. It was fun to act in that. We went on location in Wisconsin. The food was good, too. I liked being in *Further Adventures of Spin and Marty* because there were lots of horses around, so I had a fine time even if I did have to wear a nightshirt for part of it. Now I'm acting in a picture called *Old Yeller*. I really have a good time doing it. First I put on my "wardrobe"—which is old jeans and a shirt, and then I go to see Mr. Newell—he's the makeup man and he puts stuff all over my face and then he brushes it off with a little brush. But some of it always stays on. There's a dog in the picture and I always have to say hello to him, too. Then sometimes John the Policeman lets me ring the big bell that means "Everybody Quiet." After that, I just wait till it's my turn to act. There's just one thing I don't like about it. I have to let my hair grow. I hope no one thinks I look like a girl!



On the *Old Yeller* set I always say hello to the dog.



A



B



C



D



E

A. Officer John lets me ring the bell.

B. Mr. Newell puts on my makeup.

C. Sometimes I just sit and wait.

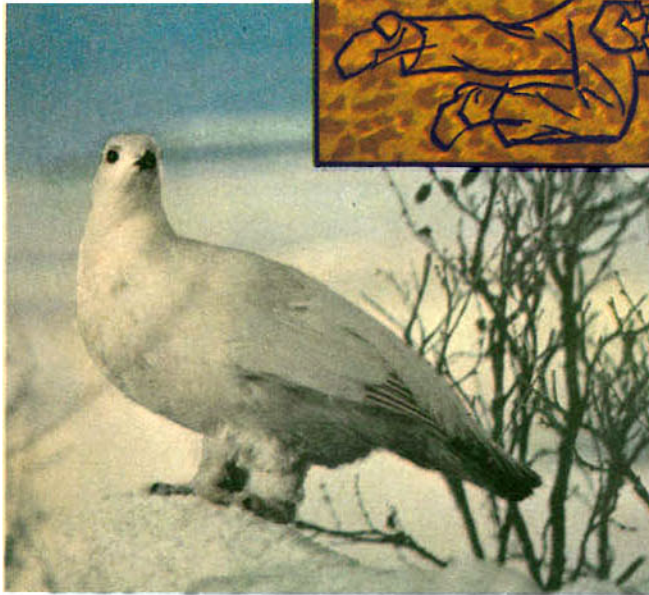
D. Here I am at the Triple-R.

E. The food was good in Wisconsin.

NATURE HAD IT FIRST

by Clint Macaulay

People used to think that with each new scientific discovery, man was improving on nature. Yet today, as we learn more and more about nature's secrets, a curious fact is becoming clear. Most of man's great inventions can be found in nature itself.



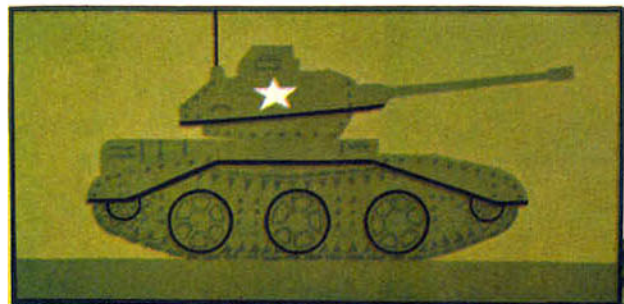
illustrated by FRANK ARMITAGE



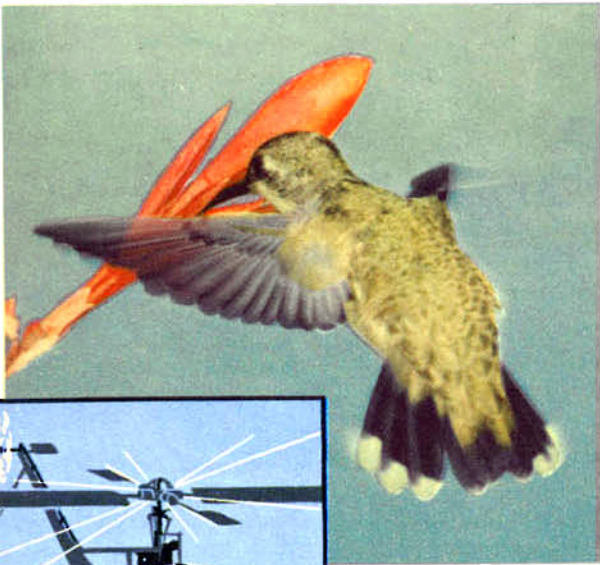
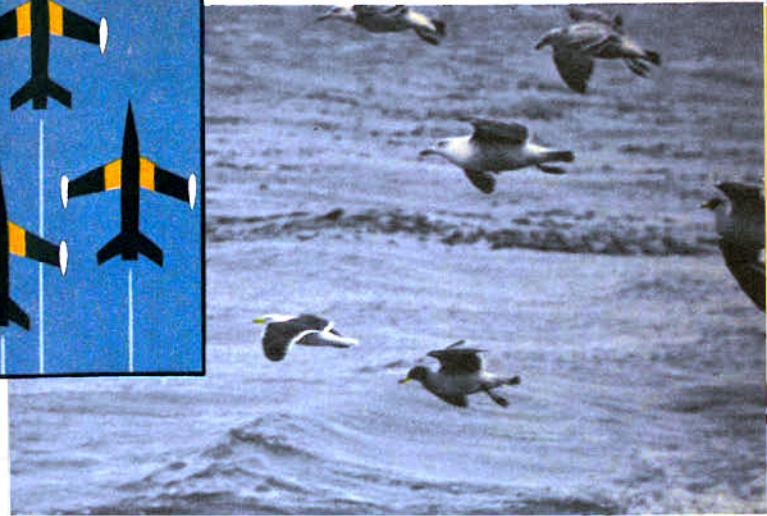
NO WAR—either man's or nature's—would be complete without camouflage. This is the art of disguising men and equipment in time of war—or the creatures of nature in their perpetual struggle for survival—so that they won't be seen by their enemies. American troops in the Arctic could take a lesson in this art from a grouse-like bird called the

ptarmigan. This interesting bird has legs and feet that are fully feathered to enable him to endure the extreme cold of the north, and he burrows beneath the snow for shelter as well as for food. Naturalist photographers in the Arctic who sought to train their cameras on the ptarmigan could hardly see him, much less photograph him easily. For when the ground is white, during the snowy weather, he is all white too. Then he turns brown and white, while the melting snow is exposing bits of ground during the spring. And in summer he becomes a solid brown—so that he can match exactly the dry grasses in which he nests. But the *oddest* thing about the ptarmigan is this: if the snow happens to be late, so are the bird's white feathers. And if summer comes early, so does the bird's garb of brown. No one knows why—it's just one of nature's secrets.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN ARMADILLO is another creature that has been well-equipped by nature for the battle of survival. The armadillo is as completely clothed with armor as any of Uncle Sam's new tanks. Even its ears, small and delicate, are protected with a leathery plating too tough for its enemies to bite. When caught by a coyote, the wise little animal has merely to roll itself into an unchewable ball—until the coyote gives up and goes away. The armadillo, which seemed so strange to the first Spaniards who came to the New World, was named by these early explorers for its protective coat—the literal translation of armadillo being “little armored thing.” The armor of this well-protected creature is not limited to the body. An armored shield also goes over its head, and many species have tails encased in an armored sheath. This interesting little animal, for all its armor, is actually not a fighter. Instead it uses its armor for defense. The armadillo is of importance to man since it feeds on white ants or termites, one of the most destructive foes of timber in tropical countries, and thus helps to control these injurious insect pests. There are many different kinds of armadillos today. They live for the most part in South America although some have moved northward into Central America. One species has even made its appearance in Mexico and the United States.



PLANE-DESIGNERS have learned much from the birds. In the 1890's a German engineer named Lilienthal made over 2000 brief soaring flights on wings patterned after those of a hawk. The great achievement of the Wright Brothers stems directly from these experiments. And it was from the flexible feathers of the soaring sea-birds that man learned to tilt the wings of airplanes at various angles for better lift and control. The airplane, in taking off, does what the gooney bird, a curious bird which inhabits Midway Island in the Pacific, has been doing for centuries, rising into the air only after taxiing with stiff, extended wings. Man has yet to surpass the birds in one important aspect of flying: he cannot go as far as the tiny golden plover, for instance, on as little fuel per unit weight of machine. The plover flies non-stop from Alaska to Hawaii each fall.



THE HUMMINGBIRD is nature's helicopter, capable of standing still in the air as well as going backward and forward. The smallest of all feathered creatures, this little bird has been admirably equipped by nature for precision flying. Its wings move so rapidly that a whirring sound results and it is from this "hum" that it gets its name. There are 319 known species, of which eighteen are found in the United States, the greatest number—133—making their home in Colombia. Weighing approximately one-tenth of an ounce, the very smallest species is about two inches long, and even the Giant Hummingbird, with its length of a mere nine inches, is a "giant" by comparison only. These birds are possibly the fastest flying birds in the world on short flights. Busy gathering nectar from a flower one moment, they can zoom to the top of a tree in the next almost as if shot from a bow.



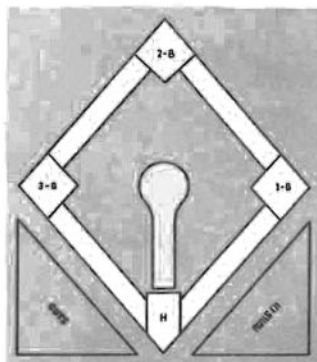
DEEP-SEA DIVERS might take a lesson from the humble water-spider. This little spider breathes air, just as a man does, and would die under water without oxygen. Yet it knows it is safer under water than it is on

land where enemies like the wasp are waiting to pounce upon it. So it has learned to construct an air-filled diving-bell in which it can live for months beneath the surface! The spider has a special way of pulling bubbles of air down under the water and anchoring these bubbles under a canopy of spider-webbing so that they cannot rise to the surface and escape. In this roomful of air the wise little spider can raise its young safely. What's more, it can hibernate here all winter, far from the dangers of land. The diving-spider is found in great numbers in Europe and in the temperate sections of Asia. It may be observed in fresh water ponds and streams where movement is sluggish because of the density of aquatic plant growth. In spite of its amazing accomplishment in building its subterranean chamber of air, this spider is very ordinary in appearance, being a dingy brown in color—not at all what might be expected considering its spectacular performance. It is the only spider known that can swim freely about without the necessity of holding on to submerged objects such as the roots or stems of water plants. Tiny in size—it is only about a half-inch across—it has a jewel-like appearance when submerged, its bubble of air taking on a silvery quality in the water. A true marvel of nature, this energetic little spider has been doing for untold years what man with his mechanical diving equipment and his intellectual capacity has only recently been able to accomplish.



DICE BASEBALL

First find a number of small objects to use as base-runners, then make a diagram of a diamond like this:



Now choose up sides and flip a coin to see who bats first. A single die is used. The first batter throws it and then places a base-runner on the proper base: one is a single, two is a two-base hit, three a triple and four a home run. A five or a six is an out.

Those on base are pushed around according to what follows. Three outs, of course, retire the side.

When a six is thrown, the batter is out, base-runners, if any, holding their bases.

When a five is thrown, this is a fly ball, always caught and thrown in. If a man is on third, he scores after the catch, provided the fly ball has not produced the third out. If a man is on first, he is out—caught off base after the catch. If a man is on second he

holds his base. If the bases are loaded, all runners advance and all are safe, except the batter, who has flied out.

For the real baseball bugs this game can be great fun if each member of the family gives a name to his team—the Moneta Avenue Red Sox, the Bairdstown Giants, etc.—and a league schedule is played over a period of time, standings being kept.

ALPHABET GAME

This is a simple but brain-tickling game. First, make charts as shown at the bottom of this page. When ready to play, give each player a chart. Contestants are then asked to name a “classification” each. These may be such things as vegetables, fruits, towns, lakes, books, songs, girls’ names, boys’ names, movies, geographical place names, foods, etc.

Classifications are written in at the tops of the columns (see chart). Next each player names a letter of the alphabet and these are written in at the start of each line.

Now the game can begin. In a time limit, each player must try to fill his chart, writing in answers which fall in the various classifications. Each of the answers must start with the letter shown at the beginning of each horizontal line. For example, for vegetables and the letter “L” the answer could be “lettuce” and for fruits it could be “lemon.”

Two points are scored for each correct answer. If two or more people have the *same* answer, each receives only one point for that answer. Thus it is wise to seek the unusual—“loquat” is likely to score higher than “lemon,” for example.

CONNECTING NAMES

This is an ideal game to pass time while traveling in a car. Nothing is needed but a little concentration. First, pick a subject. Let’s suppose geographical places is the subject that has been chosen. The first person opens the game by giving the name of a place—New York, for example. The next person must name a place beginning with the last letter of New York—like Kalamazoo. Now the third player must think of a place starting with Kalamazoo’s last letter. He can offer, for example, Ottawa. If a player cannot give a place name, and one which has not been used before, he is eliminated from the game. The game continues until only one player is left—or until you reach your destination.

It can be fun to try to confuse your opponents by using places with difficult endings—difficult, that is, for the player who follows you. For example, Cincinnati requires that the next place name starts with “I” and after a few rounds the “I” places become harder to think of. And if you can think of a place ending in “X”—you’re a champ!

ALPHABET GAME

	Vegetables	Fruits	Songs	Books	Towns
L					
A					
S					
R					
E					
T					
B					
K					
G					

KNOW YOUR ABC's

This is another good game to play on automobile trips.

Choose a subject first—such as song titles, book titles, movies, etc. Let us suppose book titles is the subject selected.

The first player gives a title beginning with “A”—perhaps *Alice in Wonderland*. The next player must give a story title starting with “B”, like *Black Beauty*; the next player uses “C”; the next “D” and so on.

It can be agreed in the beginning to leave out such letters as “Q,” “X,” and “Z,” and it is usually understood that “The” is dropped from all titles normally having it. Thus *The Last of the Mohicans* becomes *Last of the Mohicans* and serves as an “L” answer in the game.



Instruments that go Boom may have started with the hollow log, but they can be pretty complicated today. The small drummer behind this set of boomers is, of course, Mouseketeer Cubby O'Brien.

MUSIC MAKERS

instruments that go BOOM ... by Dick Huemer

A very important family of Music Makers is the percussion group. It might be said that these instruments go *Boom*. Of course, all percussion instruments don't really go *Boom*. Far from it. Actually, only the drums do it. But since drums are probably the most prominent members of the clan, it's easy to think of this whole family of instruments as *Boomers*.

Now these instruments that produce sounds by being struck were possibly among the very first musical devices used by human beings. Very, very early in history, it must have occurred to man that, by pounding on a hollow log with a stick, he could tap out a pleasing rhythm. Presto! The first drum resulted. And so all the *Boomers* can count the hollow log as the beginning of their common family tree. Their evolution was really very simple. Covering either end of the hollow log with the tightly stretched skin of an animal was all that was needed to transform the log into a real drum. And no matter how outlandish the shape, and regardless of size or the manner in which it was struck, it was still a drum.

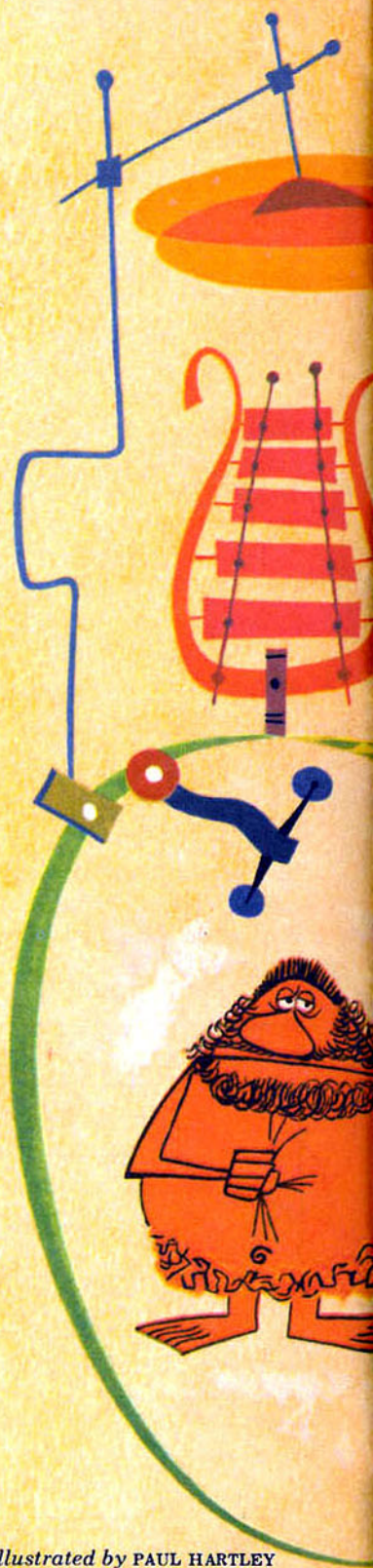
The complicated, metallic snare drum of the modern dance band is a blood relative of the Oriental tom-tom. The dramatic, deep-voiced kettle drum of the great symphony orchestras cannot deny kinship with the simple tambourine.

Besides the drums, other percussion instruments have earned honorable places in symphony orchestra. Cymbals, which once clashed brazenly in the temples of ancient Egypt, have been written into some of the greatest of our modern orchestral compositions. Chimes and bells also find employment there. And let's not forget the modest triangle, or the castanets, which often are called upon to supply exactly the right sound at the right moment for the right musical effect.

While quite a few of the sounds made by the percussion tribe come perilously close to being just plain noise, there are those of the group that are capable of carrying melodies and producing perfect harmonies. The vibraphone and the xylophone are examples. These are indeed musical instruments in every sense of the word. On the other hand there are out-and-out sound-makers that just barely qualify as instruments. And yet jazz or dance bands could hardly get along without them. The number of such borderline instruments is almost impossible to estimate. Almost every race or country has its own varieties of these, which are rattled, rubbed or scraped, besides being tapped.

If by some miracle a caveman might return to our gleaming, complicated world, he would doubtlessly be bewildered by the vast array of instruments that *Toot*, *Whistle* or *Plunk*. But among those that go *Boom* he might feel very much at home. And furthermore he might be surprisingly adept at playing upon them. In fact, it isn't too hard to picture him going to town in the middle of a jazz band.

illustrated by PAUL HARTLEY







Hi Mouseketeers! Thanks for all the wonderful letters we've been getting from you. Here are a few we'd like to answer in these columns. Perhaps you'll find them interesting.

—The Editor

Please send me Darlene's address. I always watch the Mickey Mouse Club and my favorite is Darlene. Everyone at school thinks she's very talented.

John C.
Providence, R.I.

I think Cheryl is cute. I would like to have her address so I can write and tell her so. Also, please let me have Charley's address. I want to write to him, too, and so does my friend.

Lawrence M.
Medfield, Mass.

We're very sorry, but we can't give you the addresses of the Mouseketeers. If we did, we're afraid they would have so many letters and telephone calls that they wouldn't have any leisure time for hobbies and play. But you can be sure that they are grateful for the many friends they have made through the Mickey Mouse Club.

—The Editor

I would like to subscribe to the Mickey Mouse Club Magazine, but first I would like to know whether I can still get the official certificate and identification card for the Mickey Mouse Club. Please write soon and let me know.

Lucy G.
Fullerton, Calif.

The official membership certificate and identification card for the club was sent only to charter subscribers to the Mickey Mouse Club Magazine. But don't worry, Lucy. As long as you watch the Mickey Mouse Club regularly and try to do your best to develop your tal-

ents, as all good Mouseketeers do, you are automatically a member in good standing of the Mickey Mouse Club.

—The Editor

At school I heard that the Mouseketeers were in a bad automobile accident and that Jimmie and Annette were hurt. Is this true? If Annette and Jimmie are hurt please tell them that I am hoping they will be well soon.

Candace L.
Dearborn, Michigan

We have had hundreds of letters asking this same question, and we are glad to be able to tell all the friends of the Mickey Mouse Club that the story of the automobile accident is not true. It is just a rumor which was probably started by some irresponsible person.

—The Editor

We liked the *Further Adventures of Spin and Marty* very much. Please put some information about Tim Considine (Spin) and David Stollery (Marty) in the Mickey Mouse Club Magazine. The girls in my class are having a Spin and Marty fan club and we want to know more about them.

Mary L.
Locust Valley, N. Y.

All right, here goes!

Tim Considine has brown hair and blue eyes. He is a sports car enthusiast and a swimmer and tennis player. Tim also likes to ride horses and to rope. He learned to rope for his part as Spin in Spin and Marty.

David Stollery has red hair and brown eyes. His favorite sports are fishing, swimming and hiking, and his hobbies are reading, collecting miniatures and drawing. David learned to ride for his role in Spin and Marty and is now an expert horseman.

—The Editor

My brother and I went to see *Westward Ho the Wagons!* yesterday and we both liked the Mouseketeers in it. Karen was very cute.

Marion S.
Rawley, N. C.

The Mouseketeers were very good in *Westward Ho the Wagons!* We like to see them on television but it was a lot of fun to see them in color, too.

Jeanne and Louise N.
Wesson, Miss.

We're all pretty proud of Cubby, Karen, Doreen and Tommy for the fine job they did in Westward Ho the Wagons! We're glad you liked them, too.

—The Editor

ANSWERS TO ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN QUIZZES

Anagrams

1. Spain, 2. Boston, 3. Mark Twain, 4. Washington, 5. Arkansas, 6. Ontario, 7. Missouri, 8. Copenhagen, 9. Matterhorn, 10. Franklin.

Trick Questions

1. Snow, 2. Wrong, 3. Dandelion, 4. Neither; the second day of the week is Monday, 5. A lighthouse, 6. The back of a watch, 7. When it's ajar, 8. A river, 9. When he turns into an alley, 10. Trombones, 11. Your eyes, 12. When the cow jumped over the moon, 13. A thermometer, 14. A quartette, 15. A broom, 16. The doorbell, 17. When it's raining pitchforks.

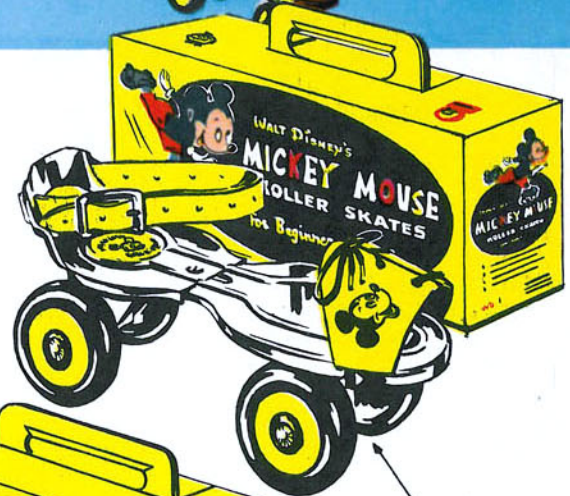
Mine are Mouseketeer skates
and I never skated so well before!

I'm just learning...
and my Mickey Mouse skates
make it easy!



"Hey! Tell your Mom and Dad
you want a pair too!
They're fun...they're safe...
they're fast!"

Mickey



Mickey Mouse
roller skates
for beginners



Mouseketeer
roller skates for bigger kids
(Ball Bearings)

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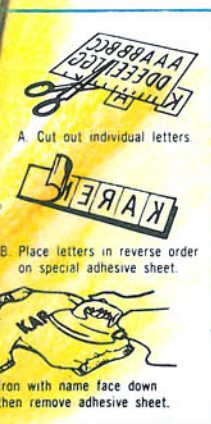
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JIMMIE DODD POLO								\$1.50	
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